The Crippled Healer

1, Volume 1

Adil khan

Published by Adil khan, 2025.

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THE CRIPPLED HEALER

First edition. October 6, 2025.

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ISBN: 979-8231173198

Written by Adil khan.

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My self

My name is Adil Khan, and I belong to the beautiful region of Gilgit-Baltistan. My father is Assistant director of (IT) department Karakorum international university gilgit . I have four brothers and one sister. I am currently pursuing my degree in Doctor of Physiotherapy (DPT) from Bashir Institute of Health Sciences (BIHS), Islamabad, affiliated with SZABMU. I am a disabled student, but I have never allowed my disability to stop me from dreaming, learning, or fighting for my future.

?*w*hy I am writing this book

◈ The purpose of writing this book is very clear: I want to show the world how

◈ society treats disabled people — and how that treatment often leads them to

◈ depression, isolation, and hopelessness.

◈ Why is this happening?

◈ Why are we treated as "less"?

◈ Why are disabled people made to feel like a burden?

◈ Through this book, I want to raise these questions — and give answers based on

◈ my own life, my own pain, and my own experience.

◈ I want to speak not only for myself, but for every disabled person who stays silent

◈ in pain. I want to guide:

o Parents — on how to support their disabled children.

o Teachers — on how to include and motivate them.

o Society — on how to respect, not pity us.

o And most importantly — disabled youth — on how to never give up,

◈ how to believe in their worth, and how to prove themselves with

◈ courage.

◈ In this journey, I will share the truth: the difficult moments, the small victories,

◈ the emotional struggles, the love I lost, and the strength I built.

◈ My only hope is that you will read this book not with sympathy, but with

◈ understanding — and you will see what it really means to be disabled in our

◈ world.

◈ This is my voice.

◈ This is my truth.

◈ This is my story

1 Chapter 1:

2 I was born with a disability

From the very first day of my life, I entered a world that wasn't ready to understand me. A world where people often see physical ability as a measure of worth. Where being "different" can feel like being "less."

But I was never "less."

Not in my heart.

Not in my soul.

Even as a child, when I couldn't run like other children or play the same games, my mind was alive with dreams. My heart beat with the same rhythm of hope, curiosity, and longing to do something great.

What is my disability?

I was not hurt in an accident.

I was **born this way.**

I have a condition called **foot palsy** —

It's not just a physical issue...

It's learning to **live with pain as if it's part of your skin.**

People say:

"Oh, he was born like this... must be because of cousin marriage in the family."

And when I hear that, it feels like my entire existence is reduced to a **shameful rumor**.

Like my life is some **genetic mistake** I'm forced to carry — even though I never chose it.

Yes, **Alhamdulillah**, I can walk, I can study, I can dream...

But why does no one see the **pain that walks with me**?

Why does no one understand the **silent ache** in every step I take?

So many young people — just like me —

Give up because of a little pain... a few cruel words... a bit of rejection.They **drop out of school.**

Or worse... they start praying to **leave this world.**

But that is not the way.

Allah didn't create us without purpose.

Whatever He gave us, He gave with **wisdom**.

We must learn to **thank Him — in every condition.**

I'm writing this book

for all those standing at the edge,

to tell them:

You are not weak. You are chosen.

Yes, you carry pain —

But from that pain, **your greatest power will rise.**

2.1.1 . ⚠ "People's Words Hurt More Than My Pain"

SOMETIMES, THE PAIN in my body feels heavy — like walking with stones tied to my legs.

But do you know what hurts more?

People's words.

Not the illness.

Not the disability.

Not the pain in my feet.

But the *unseen wounds* their words leave behind.

"Bechara hai..."

"He'll never be normal."

"Must be his parents' fault."

"He's not like the rest of us."

Each comment — careless, cruel, whispered behind my back or in front of my face —

cuts deeper than bone.

They don't see the dreams in my eyes...

the effort it takes just to smile some days.

Their words echo in the quiet of night —

long after the physical pain fades.

"Sometimes, the world doesn't break your body. It breaks your spirit — with just a sentence."

But I decided:

I will not let their voices drown mine.

I may walk differently. I may struggle silently.

But I will rise — and speak —

not just for myself,

but for every soul who ever felt smaller because of someone else's words:

2.1.2 Is It Your Parents' Fault?"

SOMETIMES PEOPLE ASK me bluntly,

"Adil, why aren't your legs healed? These things can be cured now, right?"

Others go even further,

"Was it your parents' fault? Maybe they didn't try hard enough to fix you?"

They speak casually —

as if my condition is a broken chair someone forgot to repair.

As if healing was just a matter of spending some money,

As if my parents chose this for me.

But let me be very clear.

I do not believe my disability is my parents' fault.

This is from **Allah**, and if He had willed, He could've made me "normal."

But maybe this is His way of choosing something *better* for me —
a path that is harder, but higher.
Yes, maybe things could've been different.
Maybe if I had been diagnosed early, treated at birth,
things might have changed.
But what happened, happened.
And I accept it — not with bitterness, but with **faith**.
Some even say,
"Your father must be stingy — that's why he never got you treated."
To them, I say:
You don't know my father.
You don't know how hard he worked to raise me.
You don't know the nights he stayed awake,
praying for my strength, not my cure.
He never made me feel "less."
He gave me the same love, the same respect,
the same sacrifices that he gave my brothers.
He believed in me when others doubted.
He taught me to dream when others told me to settle.
I will never blame my family.
Never.
They have carried me with their hearts — not their hands.
And to my father, I want to say:

2.1.3 "Abu... I Love You."

I LOVE YOU MORE THAN words can say.
You are my pride, my strength,
and I thank Allah every day that I am your son.

2.1.4 My First World: Home and Family

I WAS BORN IN **Gilgit-Baltistan**, in a humble, middle-class home filled with love. My father, a strong and respected man, worked as **Assistant Director of IT at Karakoram International University**. My mother was the silent strength of our house — always praying, always believing.

I have **four brothers and one sister**. And though I was physically different from them, they never treated me as "less." They treated me as **Adil** — their brother, their friend, their family.

Still, I noticed the difference in the way **the world** looked at me.

People outside would say:

"Afsos... bechara hai."

"Zindagi mushkil hogi iske liye."

But my parents never allowed those words to define me.

Instead, they taught me:

"Adil, your life is not a mistake. It's a message."

2.1.5 A Body That Couldn't, A Mind That Could

WHILE OTHER CHILDREN played, I watched. But I didn't feel defeated — I felt **determined**. I may not have been able to run, but I could **learn**. I could **think**, **dream**, and **love**.

The biggest challenge was not my body — it was the way people treated me. The way society builds invisible walls around disabled people, expecting us to sit silently in the shadows.

But I refused to sit in silence. Even as a child, something inside me whispered:

"Your life has a purpose."

2.1.6 Not a Burden — A Beginning

WHEN YOU GROW UP WITH a disability, you learn early that the world is not fair. Some doors don't open for you. Some people don't

look at you. Some schools don't understand you. Some dreams feel too big.

But even in that unfairness, I found a kind of **fire**.

Yes, I was born with a disability — but I was also born with a **voice**, a **mind**, and a **mission**. I didn't want to be treated with pity. I wanted to be treated with **respect**.

And that's where my journey began — not in weakness, but in a quiet decision:

I will live with dignity. I will rise. And one day, I will speak — not just for myself, but for all those who were born different, but not broken.

2.1.7 The Words That Felt Like Wounds

PEOPLE USED TO ASK my parents in front of me:

"Adil ka ilaj kyun nahi karwaya?"

"Kya kami reh gayi thi maa baap se?"

"Itni si umar mein aise rehna pad raha hai — bechara..."

And every time someone called me *bechara*,

it wasn't just a word —

it was a dagger.

Not in my body... but in my soul.

2.1.8 Inside My Heart: Questions That Never Left

AT NIGHT, WHEN THE house fell silent,

I would stare at the ceiling and whisper:

"Will anyone ever love me?"

"Will I ever be enough?"

"If I die tomorrow, how many people will remember me... for who I really was?"

Not the boy in the wheelchair.

Not the boy with weak legs.

But **Adil — the boy who felt everything too deeply and kept going anyway.**

2.1.9 Born to Be Forgotten? Or Chosen to Remind the World?

SOMETIMES I FELT LIKE I was born only to be pitied.

Other times, I felt like Allah had **chosen me for something louder than pain — louder than silence.**

"Maybe I am not the mistake,"

"Maybe I am the reminder."

A reminder that:

- Strength doesn't need working legs.
- Courage is often found in broken places.And sometimes, the loudest voices come from the quietest bodies.To Every Child Who Feels Left Out

This chapter is not just about me.

It's for **every child who's been stared at**,

Every boy or girl who hears whispers behind their back,

Every soul that wonders, "Will I ever be loved the same?

I was born different — yes.

But I was not born broken.

My legs don't move like yours...

But my spirit?

It runs like wildfire.

And one day, the world will remember not my disability — but my ability to rise through this

2.2 When the World Looks Away

"MAIN HANS RAHA HOTA hoon... log samajhtay hain main khush hoon.

Unhein kya pata... har hansne ke peeche ek toofan chhupa hota hai."

There were days I laughed louder than everyone — not because I was the happiest, but because I was hiding the most pain.

People saw the wheelchair, the braces, the limping feet — but they never saw what was breaking inside.

The loneliness. The questions. The silent prayers at night:

"Ya Allah, agar main kisi ke liye bojh hoon... to mujhe utha le."

This chapter isn't just about pain — it's about survival.

How I learned to hide tears behind jokes.

How sometimes the loudest kid in the room is the one hurting the most.

And how I found moments of light even in the darkest corners.

3 **Chapter 2: Walking My Own Path – Primary School Days**

I grew up in a small village called **Darote Sai Zela, Gilgit**, surrounded by big mountains. My school was the **Government Primary School Darote sai*. It was only a 10-15 minute walk from home. For other kids, this was easy. For me, with legs that didn't work like theirs, even this short walk was hard work. Loose stones felt like rocks, small slopes felt steep. **Every step was a fight.** My three older brothers went to a bigger, better school (a public school) further away. I couldn't go there because it was just too far for me to walk. In our village, there were no cars or buses. So, the government school being close was my only chance to get an education. I could manage the walk, and I *really* wanted to learn.

MY FIRST DAY

I remember my first day clearly. I was scared. My younger cousin, **Sohail** (he was maybe just 2 months younger than me), held my hand and took me because my mom asked him to. The school had only two teachers. They were brothers. We called them **"Chota Ustad"** (Little Teacher) and **"Bada Ustad"** (Big Teacher). Everyone was scared of Bada Ustad. He was very strict. Kids whispered stories that he was so scary, some would wet their pants in class! He used a stick to punish kids. That first day, I sat with Sohail. When it was my turn

to read, Bada Ustad surprised me. He was actually kind to me. I felt relieved. Maybe school wouldn't be so bad.

****Finding My Place & Facing Talk****

School became my safe place. I made good friends: **Danish, Inzamam, and Shazan**. And guess what? From the very start, I was always **first in my class**! Danish was my main rival, but every single year, I came out on top. I loved learning. My dad would say, "You are my investment," and I took that seriously. I studied really hard.

But life wasn't always easy. People in the village sometimes said hurtful things. They'd notice, "Oh, your father sent your *able-bodied* brothers to the good public school, but *you*? You're stuck in the government school. They don't even get you proper treatment." Hearing this **really hurt my feelings**. I knew the real reason, though. My dad wasn't being unfair. He was being practical. I *physically couldn't* walk to the public school. The government school was close; I could get there, and I *could* learn. Some people even whispered that maybe my dad wanted to hide me away because he was ashamed. That made me angry. **"People just like to gossip,"** I'd tell myself. But deep down, one question kept bothering me: **"Why am I like this?"** My answer was always the same: **"I HAVE to study. I WILL become a doctor. I WILL help people like me who are suffering."** School was my way out, my way to prove myself.

****Learning Under Strict Teachers****

School was tough. "Completing a degree" with Bada Ustad just meant passing to the next grade! Chota Ustad was our main teacher. He was strict too, a good teacher, but he also used the stick. Funny thing? Being scared of the stick actually helped me. I was **so afraid** of getting hit that I made sure I memorized everything perfectly. I always practiced my lessons. Because of this, I was often the first to recite correctly the next day, and I got hit less than some other kids. Some kids didn't seem to care much about the stick or getting things

wrong – we jokingly called them "**Kachr Chum**" (like donkeys with thick skin!).

My Brother's Tough Love & New Challenges

My rivalry with Danish was strong until **4th grade**, and I always won. Looking back, I know a big reason for my drive was my oldest brother, **Atizaz**. He was strict at home. He was like the boss when dad wasn't around, and honestly, I was a bit scared of him. But **he pushed me hard**. He challenged me. He taught me how to compete. He never let me give up or act helpless. **He made me tough. The credit for me coming out of my shell, for learning to fight with my mind, goes completely to him. Love you, Bai!** Because of his pushing and my hard work, I kept getting first position every year. Everyone knew I was the top student.

Fifth Grade Changes & The Book That Broke a Friendship

Fifth grade got harder. Two new boys joined our class: **Shahid Iqbal** and **Aleemullah** (Inzamam's brother, who had memorized the Quran - a **Hafiz**). They were both super smart. Now, instead of just competing with Danish, I was competing against *three* top students! The pressure was on. Making it worse, my support, Atizaz Bhai, moved to Gilgit city to study for his big exams (Matric). I felt a bit alone, but I kept studying hard.

Then something happened that ruined my friendship with **Shazan**, one of my best friends. We never really spoke again. Shazan lost his Biology book in class. He looked everywhere. Our Chota Ustad told everyone to check their bags. The book didn't turn up. People started blaming another classmate, **Khuram**. He kept saying he didn't have it. Things got tense. Chota Ustad suggested that whoever had the book should secretly bring it back the next morning before school. But the book stayed missing. Days passed. Khuram and Shazan argued a lot. Exams were coming, and we needed our books. I remembered my family stored old books in the underground room of our new house (which was still being built). I went to look. And there it

was. **Shazan's Biology book.** My heart sank. **I remembered: I had borrowed it that day!** I had completely forgotten to give it back. It got mixed up with our stuff. Worse, I (or someone) had marked important questions in it. Poor Khuram had been blamed for weeks for nothing!

I felt **terrible guilt**. *Should I tell Shazan?* But I was **scared**. What if he thought I stole it? What if he got angry and stopped being my friend? I was already different; I didn't want to be seen as a liar too. **Fear won.** I didn't tell him. Later, after the Biology exam, Shazan came to my house about some building work. He saw his book! It was a bit damaged from being stored in the construction area. He recognized his markings right away. **His face changed.** He didn't say anything then, but the next day at school, he shouted in front of everyone: **"Adil stole my book!"** I felt **completely humiliated**. My silence had made a mistake look like a theft. Our friendship was broken. We became strangers. That lost book built a wall between us.

****Being Different: The Pain & The Acceptance****

Being disabled was part of my life. At school, it didn't feel *as* heavy as you might think. The short walk meant I wasn't exhausted. The small class felt more personal. Most importantly, **being the top student earned me respect**. Teachers noticed me. Kids looked up to me. Bullying was rare – maybe because I was smart, or maybe the village kids were just decent. The school didn't have a big playground, so there weren't daily sports to remind everyone I couldn't play. **Not seeing the games every day meant I wasn't reminded of what I couldn't do, every single day.**

But the pain was still there. It hit hardest during the yearly **Sports Week**. Watching my friends – Danish running fast, Inzamam jumping high, even Shazan before we fought – playing and laughing... **that really hurt**. A deep sadness filled me. **I wanted so badly to run and play like them.** I'd sit on the side, the dust on my shoes, watching them kick up dust on the field. Their shouts of joy felt far away. **My legs felt useless and heavy.** Seeing them having that much fun moving freely was a sharp reminder of what my body couldn't do. When kids teased me about my legs, I had one answer, a mix of faith and strength: **"Allah made me this way."** It was my way of accepting it and also telling them their teasing didn't break me. That little government school in Darote Sai Zela taught me my biggest lesson: **how to walk my own path, no matter how bumpy, with my head held high.**

4 ⚀ Chapter 3:

5 On Wounded Feet, I Walked On

A disabled boy's painful journey to education — one step, one tear, one prayer at a time.

5.1.1 ⚀ The End of Childhood Comfort

AFTER PASSING **5th class with first position**, I thought maybe things would finally get better. Maybe people would now believe in me. Maybe my dreams would matter.

But life didn't clap for me. It challenged me.

In my village **Darote Sai**, the small primary school was the only world I had known. It was close to my home, and even though I was disabled, I managed.

But that chapter ended.

Now, to continue my studies, I had to go to **middle school** — a place **7 kilometers away**, in **Juglot Bazaar**.

No vans. No transport.

Just a path full of **rocks, steep climbs, and dust** — not made for someone like me. Not made for **disabled legs and fragile hopes**.

5.1.2 ⛢ Dreams Blocked by Distance and Disability

I HAD DREAMED OF STUDYING in **Public School Gilgit**, where education was better. I believed I deserved that chance — after all, I was a topper.

But I couldn't go.

Not because of my marks.

Not because of my will.

But because of my **disability**.

The school was too far. There was no van that could carry a boy like me.

My legs couldn't walk that far. My dreams could — but my body couldn't follow.

So, the only option left was the **Government Higher Secondary School, Juglot** — the same one others avoided.

It wasn't easy, but it was all I had.

5.1.3 ⛢ The First Day: Walking into the Fire

THAT MORNING, I GOT ready. My heart was full of fear, but also hope.

My father dropped me on his way to duty in Gilgit. But no one was there to pick me up later.

I was 12 years old — but my soul felt much older.

Because I knew... this would not be an ordinary school day.

This would be the beginning of a **long war** — not with books, but with **pain, people, and my own body**.

As I walked into the school, more than **700 students** surrounded me.

I was the **only disabled student** in the entire building.

Every eye turned toward me.

Some were curious.

Some were cruel.

Some whispered.

Some laughed.

That day, I realized I wasn't just starting school — I was entering a world that didn't have space for someone like me.

5.1.4 😢 Pain, Laughter, and Silent Tears

WHEN I WALKED, THEY laughed.

When I stumbled, they stared.

When I tried to smile, they mocked.

They didn't see my struggle.

They didn't see the nights I cried in pain.

They didn't know that I had to drag my twisted feet over rocks, just to sit in that classroom.

I wanted to shout:

"I'm not weak. I'm not here for your pity. I'm here to become a doctor!"

But I stayed silent. I swallowed every insult.

Because I knew... one day, they would know my name.

5.1.5 🔷 The Journey Back — A Battle Without Applause

AFTER SCHOOL, THE REAL pain began.

I had to walk **7 kilometers back home**, with no help, no support, just faith.

It took me **25 minutes** — but it felt like **25 years**.

My body would shake. My feet would bleed.

Sometimes, I felt like collapsing.

But I didn't.

Because deep in my heart, I had made a promise:

"Adil, you will never give up."

When I reached home, I was pale, sweating, and broken.

My mother looked at me, trying to smile through her pain.

She had already seen enough heartbreak in my disability.

She softly said:
"Mashallah, mera beta aaj bhi jeet gaya."
I smiled back. But inside, I wanted to cry in her arms.
I didn't. Because I didn't want her to cry too.

5.1.6 ⛛ The Silent Laborer of My House

PEOPLE TODAY SAY:
"Adil, you must've had an easy life. You never worked."
They don't know the truth.
After walking 7 kilometers, I didn't rest.
I worked.

- I **cut wood**
- I **fetched water**
- I **fed goats**
- I **carried grass from the mountains**
- I even **cleaned the house and helped cook**

Not because I was strong — but because **there was no one else**.

- My brothers were in Lahore
- My father worked in Gilgit
- My mother was sick

And I... I was just a disabled boy.
But I carried the whole house on my shoulders.
I never cried in front of my mother.
Because she had already cried enough **when she gave birth to a son with a disability**.

5.1.7 ⛛ The Weight of People's Words

NEIGHBORS WOULD WHISPER:

"Yeh ladka kya karega?"
"Why don't his parents feel pity for him?"
"Is he really strong enough to walk this much and work?"
They didn't know...
I **never asked for pity**.
All I asked for was a chance.
A chance to study.
A chance to live.
A chance to become something more than just "disabled."
I stopped telling my family about these things.
I had learned to **suffer in silence**.

5.1.8 ⍰ Usman – The Friend Who Stood Beside Me

AMONG ALL THE CLASSMATES, one boy saw me differently — **Usman**.

He became my best friend. We sat together. Studied together. He was kind, intelligent, and never made me feel "less."

People joked:

"Are you two brothers?"

Maybe not by blood — but by pain, by heart — we were.

He gave me the courage to keep learning, even when the world tried to push me out.

.

5.1.9 ⍰ The Story of a Dream: My Fight to Drive

IN THOSE DAYS, I USED to walk to school and back — 7 **kilometers on foot** — and then do all the house chores.

My body was tired. My legs ached. And still, I moved.

I used to see our family car standing in front of the house. **It felt like freedom** — something I didn't have.

Other boys had bicycles or motorcycles.

But me? I had twisted feet and an impossible road ahead.

And yet, I couldn't help but dream.

"Why can't I drive? Just because I'm disabled?"

"Am I not allowed to live freely like others?"

This question didn't let me sleep.

Every time I saw my father drive the car, I **watched carefully**.

How he started it. How he changed gears.

Where his feet touched the pedals.

I watched and watched — and slowly, something inside me began to believe:

"Maybe I can do this too."

5.1.10 ⚿ Planning in Silence

AT FIRST, I DIDN'T even sit in the driver's seat.

I just stood near the car.

Then, one day — when no one was watching — I opened the door and sat down.

My heart was beating fast.

My hands were shaking.

I felt like I was touching something I was never meant to touch.

But I stayed.

I adjusted the seat.

I placed pillows to lift myself — because I was **too short**, and my **feet didn't reach the pedals**.

Still, I tried.

5.1.11 ⚿ The First Start – A Trembling Beginning

I REMEMBERED HOW MY father started the car — key, clutch, ignition.

I followed his steps... and to my shock, **the car started**.
It didn't move yet, but that engine sound...
It was like the sound of **my soul waking up**.
I didn't drive that day. I just smiled.
Because I had taken the first step.

5.1.12 ♂ No One to Guide, No One to Teach

THERE WAS NO ONE TO teach me.
No driving instructor. No elder brother.
No one who believed I could even try.
My brothers were in Lahore.
My father was busy.
And I... was just a **disabled teenager**, figuring it out on my own.
My twisted feet made things worse.
The accelerator and brake were hard to reach.
Even when I touched them, it hurt badly.
But I kept trying. Every day, secretly.
I would start the car. Move it forward a little. Reverse it a bit.
Just a few feet — but every inch was victory.

5.1.13 😐 Fear and Failure

ONE DAY, I GATHERED courage to try real driving.
I released the **handbrake**.
I adjusted the seat.
I stretched my legs with pain... trying to press the brake and accelerator.
But my feet were twisted — it was **too hard**, too painful.
I panicked. I pulled the handbrake again and got out.
That night, I cried.
"Maybe I'll never be able to drive like normal people."
But something inside me replied:
"You're not normal, Adil. You're stronger than normal."

5.1.14 ⍰ The Next Attempts

A FEW DAYS LATER, I tried again.

This time, I took more time adjusting the seat.

I placed a big pillow behind me.

I carefully positioned my feet on the pedals — even if it hurt.

And I drove — forward... backward... forward...

My heart shouted:

"Adil, you're doing it!"

But I was still afraid to tell my father.

So when he asked,

"Who's been moving the car?"

I lied and said:

"Bari Chacha tried it."

5.1.15 ⍰ The School Van Story

ONE DAY, I WAS PRACTICING when a **girls' school Suzuki van** came to our street.

My **cousin**, who was in the same class as me, asked:

"Adil, why don't you pull the van forward and park it? Make space."

I was scared. The whole **mohalla (neighborhood)** was watching.

I was just a disabled boy — and in front of me were **10 girls** waiting to laugh at my mistake.

But I said yes.

I climbed into the driver's seat... and slowly reversed the car.

I could hear the whispers, the giggles...

"Yeh toh larkiyon ki Suzuki ka peshap kar raha hai!"

They made fun of me.

But they didn't know... **I was learning to live**.

5.1.16 ⛢ The Complaints and the Accident That Almost Happened

AS I KEPT DRIVING, people started complaining.

"Your son drives too fast."

"He might hurt someone."

One day, I almost hit a child with the car.

Another time, I nearly collided with a school van.

My brothers were furious.

"From now on, you will not drive again!" they said.

But my father... he saw something else.

He didn't shout.

He told me:

"Adil, driving is not a joke. You can't learn by risking lives."

Still, I knew... **he understood me**.

He knew I needed this.

Because I couldn't depend on others forever.

5.1.17 ⛢ Driving to the Bazaar — A New Kind of Freedom

WHEN MY FATHER WENT to Lahore with my mother for a medical checkup, I was alone at home.

That's when I got my real chance.

I took the car.

I drove slowly to the **bazaar** — the same place I once feared to walk.

For the first time in my life, **I reached school by car** — not someone else's car, but **mine**.

5.1.18 ⛢ The First Taste of Independence

I WAS NO LONGER "THE boy who can't walk."

I was "the boy who drives himself to school."

People began to notice.
They stopped mocking.
They started respecting.
I was still disabled.
But now, I was **disabled with direction**.
I didn't have perfect legs.
I didn't have strong support.
But I had something more powerful — **willpower**.

5.1.19 ⚠ More Than a Car – A Story of Strength

DRIVING WASN'T JUST about moving a car.

It was about **moving forward in life** — despite broken bones, despite people's opinions, despite fear.

"I don't need anyone to carry me."
"I can carry myself."

5.1.20 ⚠ Final Words (For Other Disabled Students)

IF YOU'RE A STUDENT with a disability who thinks:
"I can't."
"People laugh at me."
"My body won't allow me."
Just remember this:
I couldn't walk properly.
But I learned to drive.
I couldn't lift things easily.
But I lifted my own future.
I cried alone in silence.
But now I speak loudly with my actions.
"Don't wait for someone to come and help you.
Be your own hero."

5.1.21 ⚠ Defying the Odds

IN **7th class**, I stood **second**.

In **8th**, I gained the support of two amazing teachers:

- **Sir Sayeed**, our sports in-charge, who always protected my dignity.
- **Sir Abdul Hadi**, our computer teacher, who later became principal and transformed our school.

They didn't see me as "disabled."
They saw me as **capable**.

5.1.22 ⚠ The Final Message

IF YOU'RE A STUDENT with a disability reading this, listen to me:

- **People will laugh at you.**
- **You will cry alone.**
- **Even your family may not understand.**
- **But don't stop. Ever.**

Because the pain you're feeling today...
Is building a strength that will **shock the world tomorrow**.

5.2 ⚠ I am Adil Khan.

I WALKED 7 KILOMETERS every day.
I worked like a man in a broken body.
I learned to drive when people said I couldn't walk.
I studied when others thought I'd drop out.
I am not here because life was kind.
I am here because **I refused to give up**.
And so can you.

6 Chapter 4: My Broken Foot, My Unbroken Will: Surviving Matric

Middle school felt like sunshine. Topping my class. Sir Saeed (our farm teacher *and* sports coach) shaking my hand. Principal Abdul Hadi, who'd built our school up, smiling at my results. Eighth grade wasn't just passed; it felt like I'd climbed a mountain.

Then ninth grade started. And life threw rocks at me. Big ones.

****First Rock: Losing My Only Friend****

Our class split into two sections. Bad luck? Fate? Whatever it was, it hurt. My *one* real friend in the whole world – Usman – got put in the *other* section. Just like that. Gone.

School became a lonely place. Sitting in class felt heavy. Empty. Without Usman's jokes or his quiet understanding, everything felt harder. Especially English. I was already struggling... now I felt completely alone.

Second Rock: The Nail That Stole My Freedom

I managed maybe 2 or 3 months of school. Then, helping at home – BAM. A rusty nail stabbed deep into my foot.

It wasn't just a cut. It got infected. Badly. My foot blew up like a balloon. Hot. Painful. **Walking was impossible.**

Medicine didn't help. Hope started dying. I'd lie there thinking: *"Will I ever walk again? Will I ever go back to school?"* It wouldn't heal. Why?

Abu told Principal Hadi: "Adil can't come... his foot..." But words couldn't fix it. School was slipping away.

****Trapped: School Without Walls****

Our village had no internet. No online classes. I had no mobile phone. I was stuck. Cut off. Ninth grade happened without me.

****But I didn't quit.****

I opened my books. In my bed. In the dim light. I tried SO hard to *understand*, not just memorize. But it was tough. Our government school English... it was weak. We learned translations, not *real* English. If *I* (the topper!) struggled this much just reading... what about the others?

It made me angry: Why don't parents care more? Private school kids get attention, PTMs, rides to school. For us? "Passed? Good. Failed? Go herd goats." It's not fair. It's not just parents... the *system* is broken. One teacher juggling English, Islamiat, Science? How can kids learn?

My pain was personal, but the problem was bigger than me.

****The Pain Didn't Stop: Tenth Grade's Shadow****

Somehow, by pure will and memorizing like crazy, I passed ninth. Got 3rd position! The "top student" fire still burned in me.

But my foot? Still broken. Still weak. Painful. Tenth grade came. **I still couldn't walk.**

Hope felt tiny. I cried. I prayed: *"Allah, please heal me."* I believed we must be thankful always... but inside? I was scared. Weak. Tired. Thin. The strong boy from eighth grade felt like a memory.

****A Father's Love, A Missed Chance****

Abu saw my suffering. His daily trips to Gilgit cost too much (so much money just for fuel!). So he decided: **"We move to Gilgit. For Adil."**

My heart jumped! *A new start? A new school? Maybe doctors?*

But finding a house took time. Settling took time. **By the time we moved... exams were weeks away.**

My dream of joining a new school in Gilgit? Gone. Tenth grade meant more studying... trapped in a new room. **The walls felt like they were closing in.**

A Light in the Dark: The Principal Who Remembered

Just when it felt darkest... help came.

The **Principal of the Government College** – he didn't forget me. The sick boy who used to top his class.

He did something amazing:

1. He made sure my **Ninth AND Tenth grade exam forms** were filled as a *regular* student (not private!).

2. When exams came in Gilgit, **he made it happen.** He sorted everything.

This kindness... this belief in me... it was a rope thrown to someone drowning.

****Victory Hurts: Second Position Through Tears****

So, for **two whole years:**

* Trapped by pain.
* Chained to my bed or a room.
* Feeling forgotten.
* Struggling with weak English.
* Missing my friend.
* Facing a system that forgets kids like me.

I did the only thing I knew: I studied.

With a heart full of hurt and eyes full of tears... I wrote my tenth-grade exams.

And when the results came?

SECOND POSITION. In my class.

Matric conquered. Not with ease. **With pain. With loneliness. With sheer, stubborn will.**

****To Every Student Fighting Like Me:****

If you're reading this, feeling stuck...

* Stuck in a sick body?

* Stuck at home while friends go to school?

* Stuck with pain no one sees?

* Stuck in a system that doesn't help?

I understand.

The frustration when your legs won't work but your brain screams to learn.

The loneliness of watching life happen outside your window.

The fear that you're being left behind.

Listen:

* **Your classroom might be a bed.**

* **Your teacher might be a book.**

* **Your commute might be from bed to chair.**

But your mind? Your will? That fire inside you?

That's YOURS. And it's STRONG.

You are fighting a harder battle than most. Every page you turn, every word you try to understand – **that's courage.**

Don't compare your journey to others walking easy paths.

Your strength is different. Deeper.

Keep that tiny flame of "I want to learn" alive. However you can. However slowly.

Position holder ban'ne ki aag... kabhi bujhti nahi.

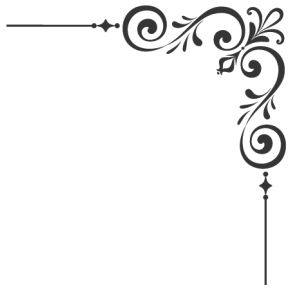
(The fire to become a topper... it never goes out.)

You are a warrior. And your victory, earned through tears and pain, will taste sweeter than any other.

Hamt nahi hara.

(I didn't give up.)

Don't you give up either.



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10 Chapter 5: Between Dreams and Discomfort — My Journey to FSC

After completing my Matriculation, I appeared for my final exams not in Gilgit, where we had recently shifted, but back in my old school in Jaglote. That place still held the roots of my early education — and so I returned to it for the most important exam of my life so far.

When the result came out, I had secured first position in my school. But honestly, my marks weren't as high as I had hoped.

Maybe it was because I spent the entire year confined at home... or maybe because I took my papers at a government school, where the resources and teaching standards didn't match the level of the federal board.

Whatever the reason — I had passed. And that in itself, after everything, was a victory.

But I knew the real challenge was just beginning.

CHOOSING THE PATH OF My Dreams

I had already made up my mind — I wanted to become a doctor.

So, for FSC, I chose Pre-Medical, even though I was advised to go for Computer Science due to my marks being slightly lower.

I respected the suggestion, but my heart wasn't in coding — it had always been in healing.

I applied to Public School and College, Jutial, Gilgit, one of the top institutions in the region. I submitted my admission form with hope... but the path wasn't that easy.

The staff suggested I switch to Computer Science. I could see their point — admissions were competitive, and Pre-Medical was in high demand.

But I couldn't let go of my childhood dream just like that.

I was willing to struggle, but not to settle.

UNIFORMS, CULTURE SHOCK, and an Unexpected Obstacle

Even if I had gotten in, there was another issue — the uniform.

I had never worn a pant and shirt before. In government schools, we wore traditional shalwar kameez.

To many, this might seem like a small thing.

But to someone like me — with a physical disability, already uncomfortable in his own skin — the thought of wearing something unfamiliar, tight, and different was deeply distressing.

It wasn't just about clothes. It was about identity, comfort, and confidence.

Due to this, and some family issues, I decided not to go forward with the admission there

The Search for the Right College

I began searching for other options — asking students, relatives, and locals.

The names that came up were

Public School

Army Public School

Kings College, Jutial Gilgit

Many students from my neighborhood, whom I met at the mosque, spoke highly of Kings College.

They said the teachers were kind, the environment welcoming, and the academic standards strong.

But once again, a major problem stood in my way: transport.

My house was about 20 minutes' walk from the main road. Walking — for me — wasn't just slow, it was painful.

Still, something inside me whispered, "Try. Maybe this is where your journey lies."

ADMISSIONS AND THE First Big Step

After much thinking, I chose Kings College.

My father accompanied me on admission day.

Thanks to his good relations with some teachers there, my admission process went smoothly.

But I knew — this was just the beginning of a whole new set of challenges.

The uniform again. Pant and shirt — no exceptions.

And even bigger than that: the college followed a co-education system.

This would be the first time in my life I would be studying in a mixed-gender class.

As a disabled student, the fear of being stared at, judged, or laughed at felt overwhelming.

Still... I chose courage over comfort.

First Day of College – A Storm of Emotions

On my first day, I got dressed. The uniform didn't feel right — it felt like someone else's skin.

But I wore it anyway. I looked at myself in the mirror and whispered, "Ya Allah, give me strength."

My father dropped me at the college. I took a deep breath and entered the main gate.

Every pair of eyes turned to me.

It was like they had never seen someone like me before — someone walking differently, wearing a heavy spirit but hopeful eyes.

I felt like I was carrying my entire life story on my shoulders.

I kept walking.

I asked a student where my class was. He pointed me in the right direction.

I entered and sat quietly beside a few familiar faces from my neighborhood.

The first class was Physics with Sir Gul Azam, the principal himself.

He looked a little strict and serious, and I was already nervous.

During class, he asked for introductions — and when it came to me, I could feel the room's attention shift.

No one in my previous school had asked many questions, but here, it started:

> "Why do you walk like this?"

"Why hasn't it been operated?"

"Is it from birth?"

I didn't know how to answer.

I simply looked down and stayed quiet.

Some questions don't deserve answers — especially when the pain behind them is too personal.

The Academy – Another New World

The college also had a connected coaching center: Shining Star Academy.

Since I had spent most of my Matric year at home, I felt weak in science subjects — so I joined the academy too.

Classes ended around 2 PM, and the academy started at 3.

I couldn't go home in between, as my house was far and I needed my father to pick me up from the university at 5 PM.

So, I stayed back.

That academy had students from different colleges, including girls from Public School.

It was always crowded — full of noise, energy, and stares.

My first academy class was Chemistry with Sir Mansoor.

It was there I realized for the first time what a real lecture looked like.

He explained topics with clarity, patience, and examples — not just dry reading like in our government school.

It was confusing at first, but also exciting.

Pain, Patience, and Prayers

Even with all this, the journey wasn't easy.

Every step I walked, I could feel the pain.

Some students laughed. Some looked at me with pity.

But I kept going — because this was my fight.

At the end of the day, while waiting for my father, hunger would gnaw at me.

I'd often eat something from the canteen, but it wasn't the same.

Nothing tastes like your mother's home-cooked food, made with love.

When I returned home, I'd throw off my uniform, shut the door, and cry.

Not because I was weak — but because I needed to let go of the pressure.

After tears, I would make wudu, pray, and ask Allah:

> "Ya Allah, give me the strength to face this world."

"Don't let me break."

"I just want to study. I just want to live."

And somehow... He always gave me the strength.

Final Thoughts

The first phase of my FSC journey was not about books and lectures.

It was about battling my fears, wearing my pain, and believing in my purpose.

Every day was a fight between:

What I feared and

What I dreamed

And I chose to stand with my dreams.

Breaking Barriers, One Step at a Time

The days started to fall into a routine — but that routine was nothing like normal.

Each morning, I would wake up early, wear my uncomfortable uniform, and prepare for college. My father — always supportive — would drop me off despite his own demanding university job.

Inside the college, every day felt like a test of my emotional strength.

I wasn't just fighting for education.

I was fighting for acceptance.

Fighting to be seen — not as someone "less," but as someone worthy.

In the co-education system, my discomfort didn't just come from being shy or introverted. It came from knowing how people looked at me... differently.

Sometimes with curiosity.

Sometimes with pity.

And sometimes, painfully — with judgment.

But I had decided — I wouldn't hide.

Struggles in Studies

Due to my previous education in a rural government school, I was far behind.

In government schools, we only read textbooks and memorized them.

We were never taught how to understand, how to analyze, how to ask why.

But now, in FSC, the teachers expected us to already know how to study like professionals — especially in Pre-Medical.

In the Shining Star Academy, my Chemistry and Physics teachers were brilliant.

They explained concepts clearly, but it felt like I had landed on a different planet.

I tried hard to keep up. Sometimes I understood.

Sometimes... I just smiled and nodded.

It was exhausting.

But I never let it stop me.

> "Even if I crawl forward, I will keep moving."

People's Words Hurt More Than My Legs

Walking from one class to another was physically painful.

But what hurt more was the way people looked at me... or the way they sometimes whispered.

> "Poor guy..."

"How does he even study?"

"Why doesn't he get treatment?"

I heard it all.

Some of them meant no harm. Some did.

But the effect was the same: pain.

I had learned to hide my pain.

But when I got home, the pain came out — in my silence, in my eyes, and often, in my prayers.

The Silent Room and Loud Thoughts

At night, my room became my world.

The uniform — which I wore like a soldier all day — came off like a heavy armor.

I would lie down, look at the ceiling, and ask myself:

> "Can I really do this?"

"Will I ever be enough?"

"Why does everything have to be so hard for me?"

And then... I would remember something my mother used to say:

> "Adil, sabar karo. Allah sab kuch dekh raha hai."

That one sentence — gave me enough power to get up and try again.

Faith, Fatigue, and Fire

Sometimes, when I walked down the corridor, I could hear footsteps running past me.

Other students — full of energy, excitement, confidence.

I didn't envy them.

But I did wonder — what would my life be like... if I had their legs?

But then I would tell myself:

> "Adil, maybe you can't run — but you can still rise."

And rise — I did.

Academics vs. Reality

Despite my efforts, I wasn't topping the class — not anymore.

I wasn't the "position holder" like I used to be in my old school.

But I was still trying harder than anyone else.

Every page I turned, every chapter I tried to understand — it was a battle.

Not just of the mind... but of the body and soul.

I had to unlearn and relearn almost everything.

And while others went home and revised, I often had to wait an extra hour — hungry, tired — just for my father to pick me.

But I had made a promise to myself:

> "If Allah gave me a mind that dreams, then He must have also given me the strength to chase it."

College Life and Loneliness

Most students hung out in groups. They laughed, talked, made memories.

I was usually alone. Not because I didn't want friends — but because I didn't want to become someone's joke, someone's sympathy project.

There were a few kind classmates — people who greeted me, sat with me sometimes.

But no one truly knew what it felt like to live in my skin.

And that's okay.

Some journeys are meant to be walked alone — so you can discover your own power.

Dua and Determination

Every night, after dinner, I would do wudu, spread my prayer mat, and sit in silence.

Then I would whisper:

> "Ya Allah, don't make me successful only in exams.

Make me successful in life — in patience, in character, in meaning."

That prayer... became my strength.

That prayer... became my habit.

That prayer... became me.

Days passed at Kings College, and though every single one brought a new challenge, I didn't stop. I kept moving forward, no matter how

heavy my heart or how tired my body felt. But the truth is — even the strongest people break down sometimes.

After about three months, a new problem began to form: our college timings changed. Meanwhile, my father's university schedule remained the same. This shift created a serious transport issue for me. I couldn't wait for 2 or 3 hours daily. Though I could walk, walking long distances in uniform while in pain was almost impossible. My studies started suffering badly.

And maybe, I shouldn't say this, but I must — it felt like my family still didn't fully understand what I was going through. They didn't notice how much pain I was in. I was mentally disturbed, exhausted, but still holding on... because I wanted to study. I had to study.

Eventually, it became too much. I could no longer walk long distances with that kind of pain. I had no proper support from home. So, I had to take the hardest decision: I left Kings College.

It broke me.

But even in those moments of pain, I turned to Allah. After praying, I would whisper, "Ya Allah, help me. Give me the strength to continue. Don't let me give up now."

I had already submitted my registration with the Federal Board through Kings College. I left in October. In November, KIPS Academy opened a campus in Gilgit, located inside Army Public School. But that was even farther from my home. I had already wasted two months trying to figure out what to do.

In December, I finally joined KIPS.

The moment I walked into that academy, I realized — this place was no different. Students from all kinds of backgrounds were there. In the middle of all that, I was the only disabled student. But thanks to my experience at Kings College, I was mentally prepared.

However, I was placed in the RNT (Regular, Non-Test) section — students there had started a month before me and were moving very fast. It was hard to keep up. And yet again, my biggest struggle was

transport. KIPS classes ended at 8 PM. By that time, public transport like Suzuki vans had already stopped. To get there, I would walk nearly 20 minutes to the main road, wait, ride, and then repeat the process back — all in pain.

Still, I didn't quit. I pushed myself. I stayed with students who came from top colleges, while I had studied in a government school. But I never lost hope. I never gave up.

Then came a new crisis: where would I give my final board exams? My registration was done through Kings College — which I had already left. KIPS was just an academy, not a college.

This was another test from life.

So I approached the principal of my previous school — the same school I had done my Matric from, now converted into a college. I explained everything. He listened, and with a kind heart said, "If you bring your registration documents, we'll send your form through our college."

Sir Hadi — a man I will never forget — helped me during one of the most stressful times of my life. He submitted my board exam form regularly from the same institution I did my Matric from.

And once again, I faced the issue of where to live during exams. I stayed at my aunt's house near the exam center. Still, I had to walk or find transport — and it was never easy.

Despite not studying at that school, I ended up getting first position among their students. That too, with a weak academic base and no proper preparation.

Because the truth is — it wasn't about the school. It wasn't about resources. It was about my will to succeed.

I completed my FSc Part 1, even if the marks weren't outstanding. I knew they didn't reflect my effort — they only reflected my circumstances.

My Message to the World:

To every disabled student reading this: I know your pain. I know what it feels like to be different, to be left behind, to be doubted by the world — and even sometimes by your own family. But please... don't give up.

To the parents of disabled children: Your support means everything. When you believe in your child, they start believing in themselves. When you ignore their pain, you break something inside them that never fully heals.

And to society: Stop measuring potential by ability. Start recognizing effort, courage, and strength — because that's what truly matters.

My journey isn't over yet. But I hope this chapter helps someone find their voice, their strength, and their purpose.

I am not broken. I am becoming.

The Next Battle – FSc Part 2 Begins

When the FSc Part 1 result was announced, my heart sank. Despite studying so hard, my marks didn't improve as I had hoped. I felt sad and disappointed. I had to console myself, believing I would improve in the second annual exam.

But even those results didn't meet my expectations. It felt unfair. I studied day and night, and still my marks weren't increasing. I compared my results with students from Gilgit's top colleges — and mine were still better. That gave me a little relief, but not enough to quiet the confusion in my heart.

Why were students from public and army schools scoring higher — even those who were average in ability? Was it because of cheating? Or some hidden tricks? Or maybe the Federal Board didn't favor government college students?

I didn't know. But one thing was clear — I had to work harder.

So I decided I would take the 2nd annual again. And if I still couldn't improve, I would repeat the whole year just to get better marks. My dream of becoming a doctor was still alive. And as a disabled

student, I had one reserved seat in the entire Gilgit division. That gave me a small sense of hope.

I had already left college, but I thought I'd prepare the same way again. This time, I joined KIPS earlier — in September. Until then, I stayed at home in deep sadness, struggling with anxiety and uncertainty.

One small thing changed this time — some girls from my neighborhood also joined KIPS. They had their own private transport. For the first few months, they helped me get back home after class. At first, I used to take only a one-way ride with them because I had separate English classes at another academy. Eventually, I began traveling both ways with them.

My final board exams would still be held at a government college. That fear of low marks haunted me. But I trusted Allah's plan.

Some of my KIPS classmates had also left their previous colleges to prepare only through academy and save on college fees. They were good students, and their marks were better than mine. We submitted our exam forms through the same government college I had used before — the one where I did my Matric.

Being a disabled student, I didn't have to pay any exam fees. I submitted my documents to Sir Hadi again, and he helped me as always. My friend Asjad, who was also from KIPS and originally a public school student, submitted his form with me. Both of us wanted to give the improvement papers of FSc Part 1 alongside Part 2.

But then came a shock that shattered me.

When my exam slip arrived, it only listed the FSc Part 2 papers. My improvement papers for Part 1 were missing.

I immediately called Sir Hadi. He told me there had been a mistake — my improvement form had not been submitted. His error, not mine. But the price had to be paid by me.

My heart broke. A whole year of effort, gone in a moment.

He told me I could try again next year. That meant repeating another full year. I couldn't accept that. I was devastated. My dreams of becoming a doctor were now in serious danger.

Despite my heartbreak, I still gave the exam. But I couldn't focus properly. I was too anxious. My performance dropped. And when the results came — it was worse than ever. I wasn't even among the toppers anymore.

The boy who once held the first position now had no name on the list. My confidence collapsed. I couldn't focus. I stopped enjoying studies. All I could think was — "Will I ever become a doctor?"

I had reached the lowest point.

Even books became painful to look at. Headaches. Tears. Silence. I stopped talking. I stopped hoping. That year, I gave up.

My Message to Parents and Society

To the parents of disabled children: please don't ignore their pain. Don't let their struggle go unnoticed. Support them — emotionally, physically, spiritually. A little encouragement from you can change their entire life.

To the disabled students reading this: I know it's hard. I know how it feels to fall again and again. But I promise — your journey isn't over. You're not alone. Your courage will one day become your strength. Don't stop. Don't surrender.

And to society: recognize the unseen wars people fight. Every smile hides a story. Every effort hides a pain. Be kind. Be patient. Be supportive.

I may not have succeeded that year. But I didn't quit. I was just getting started.

I am not broken. I am still becoming.

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12 Chapter 6 – The Dream That Was Tested

"Some dreams are not just goals... they are the air you breathe. When someone takes them away, it feels like they are taking your life."

After my FSc exams, I was living in that strange space between hope and fear.

I had given my exams at my old college — without actually attending college. I only studied at an academy, and that too for just four months.

Since childhood, I had always told myself one thing: "I have to become a doctor."

In my mind, there was no other option.

And for that, I needed to clear the MDCAT test.

People used to say, "For you, it will be easy — disabled students have a quota."

Giving the MDCAT was already going to be a challenge for me.

My FSc marks were not good. I hadn't even given an improvement exam for 1st year — because that year I was already deeply stressed due to a bone injury.

Still, I held on to one belief:

"If I can get good marks in 2nd year, they will balance out my 1st year. Then I can go for MDCAT."

So while waiting for my FSc result, I dreamed. I imagined holding that admission letter in my hand. I imagined wearing a doctor's coat with my name on it.

Why Disabled Students Struggle to Study

People often ask, "Why don't disabled students study properly?"

The answer is simple: we face challenges you can't see.

For me, the biggest problem was transport.

If my family had supported me, maybe this problem could have been solved.

If I could have driven my own vehicle, maybe I wouldn't have been so dependent.

But this never happened — and my education suffered.

Family's Low Interest

I decided I would prepare for MDCAT. Obviously, that meant joining an academy.

I tried — but my family's interest wasn't there.

Maybe they thought, "His marks weren't good anyway, so why invest more?"

Maybe they were right — my marks weren't good. But I had studied, and I still didn't understand why my marks stayed low. It broke me inside.

Without academy, I had to prepare from home. But it wasn't easy — my concepts were not strong, because I had studied in government schools and hadn't attended regular college in matric or FSc.

No Mobile, No Internet, No Tools

To prepare at home, I needed internet, a laptop, or at least a mobile phone.

I had none.

Whenever I asked my family for a mobile, they refused. Their only thought was:

"If we give him a phone, he'll get distracted and won't study."

It hurt. Because my family was educated — but they still didn't understand that in today's world, internet is not a distraction for a student like me — it's a lifeline.

The Old Computer Struggle

I had a computer — but it was Pentium 4.

Ancient.

The kind you'd find in a museum next to a typewriter.

Still, I thought, "Maybe I can use it for YouTube lectures."

It didn't have WiFi, so I bought a WiFi adapter from the market. I set it up, connected... and yes — it worked.

But it was painfully slow.

YouTube wouldn't even open properly. Windows XP was the only operating system it could run, and the CPU was too old to handle modern internet.

I didn't give up.

I noticed that in the early morning, the internet was a little faster.

So I installed a video downloader, downloaded lectures slowly, and listened to them offline.

It was far from perfect — and power cuts made it worse — but I kept going.

The Government's Free Classes

Around that time, the Government of GB made a deal with an online learning academy to give free MDCAT preparation to GB students.

I registered.

The class was far — 20 minutes away by car.

I couldn't afford the daily transport cost, but I still went at first — sometimes even walking part of the way.

After some days, I couldn't continue

A Ray of Hope That Didn't Last

My father and brother both had laptops — but they took them to university.

One day, I told the principal of that learning academy about my problem on WhatsApp.

He understood and said:

"You can take the class from home. I will send you the link."

But I needed a laptop for that.

When my brother had semester break, he lent me his laptop. I started preparing seriously.

For a while, I felt like my dream was alive again.

Then, suddenly, he said he needed it back — claiming it was damaged and that university had reopened.

I was crushed.

It wasn't just about a laptop — it was about my family not standing with me when I needed them the most

The Pain of Being Misunderstood

MDCAT registration had opened, and I had prepared for it. So, I told my father to register me. But I don't know why my registration never happened. I kept telling my father again and again, "Please get me registered. If I don't take the MDCAT, I will have to repeat the year. I want to become a doctor."

But for some reason, my father didn't get me registered. He loves me very much — I know that. People used to say, "Your father is stingy, that's why he never got you treated." Hearing that made me angry. I love my father a lot, but I also felt that he didn't understand me. I wanted to be a doctor, but my registration never happened.

The fact that my father didn't register me kept hurting me inside. I kept thinking — is it because I am disabled, and that's why he didn't want me to go forward? But then I would remind myself that my father loves me a lot. I had worked so hard for MDCAT, going through so many difficulties. If I hadn't been able to do it, I would have repeated the year without hesitation.

These thoughts disturbed me so much that a person like me, who always had courage, started cursing his own fate and even prayed for

death. Father, I lost courage. I couldn't accept it. I had endured so much pain just to become a doctor — people's hurtful words, walking with difficulty, all of it.

My family was not truly standing by my side. I wish they had been. If they had, I wouldn't have lost hope. Even my own brother, who I loved, did not fully stand with me. For example, when I asked to take classes on a laptop, he didn't let me. That hurt me deeply, but I didn't let it break my bond with him because he's my brother.

But when your own father — the person you love so much and see as your ideal — doesn't stand by you in the most important moment of your life, that's when you truly break inside.

Because of these things, I shattered. I couldn't sleep at night. Every night I would take 5 Panadol or other strong painkillers because of the headache. I even attempted suicide three times. Three times I fainted in my room. But I never told my family because deep inside, I knew no one was really there for me.

I never told them everything I was going through. But when a person loses all hope, Allah becomes their only helper. Many times I tried to end my life, but Allah saved me from ruining my hereafter. I started spending more and more time in the mosque, praying, asking Allah for patience, and hoping for strength.

When the World Looks Away

I often smiled in public — a big, bright smile that made people think I was the happiest person in the room. They didn't know that behind that smile, storms were raging inside me. They saw the wheelchair, the braces on my legs, the slow and uneven steps — but they never saw the cracks in my heart. They never heard the prayers I whispered when the lights went out and everyone was asleep.

There were nights I lay awake staring at the ceiling, asking Allah the same questions over and over:

> "Ya Allah... if I am a burden to my family, take me away.

Ya Allah... if I have no purpose in this world, then why did You create me?"

These thoughts were not because I didn't value life — but because sometimes the pain became heavier than my own body. The stares, the pity, the casual cruelty in people's words — they could wound deeper than any physical injury.

As a child, I learned quickly that the world does not stop to understand your pain. If you can't keep up, it moves on without you. So, I hid my tears behind jokes. I became the one who made others laugh, even when I was breaking inside. Because laughter was my armor. If they laughed with me, maybe they wouldn't look too closely at the sadness in my eyes.

But here's the truth:

Often, the loudest child in the room is the one hurting the most.

Often, the person who jokes the most is the one who cries the hardest at night.

Still, I found moments of light — little sparks that reminded me life could still be beautiful. A kind word from a teacher, a smile from a stranger, the quiet comfort of knowing Allah was listening when no one else was. These small moments were my survival.

And yet, there were days when I wished the world would just see me for who I truly was — Adil. Not the boy in the wheelchair. Not the boy with weak legs. Just Adil — someone who felt deeply, who loved fiercely, who dreamed endlessly.

My Message

To every disabled student who has stopped studying because the road is too hard — please don't give up. You are not less than anyone. Your mind, your courage, and your heart can take you further than you can imagine. Education is not just for walking legs — it is for brave hearts like yours.

To every family who does not support their disabled child — please listen. You are their first hope, their first strength. If you turn away, the

world becomes a thousand times colder for them. Your belief in them can change their entire life.

To my own family —

Abu, I love you. I know my challenges are not your fault. If my words have ever hurt you, I am sorry from the bottom of my heart.

Bhai, I am sorry too. I love you, and I always will. I was disappointed sometimes because I wished you understood me better, wished you had helped me when I needed you the most. But still — you are my brother, and nothing will change that. I love you.

And above all, Ya Allah — thank You for giving me strength even when I thought I had none.

This is not just my story. It is the story of everyone who has ever been overlooked, underestimated, or forgotten. And if you are reading this — remember:

Even when the world looks away, Allah never does.

Saved by Faith

When a person loses hope in people, they must turn to Allah.

I started spending more time in the mosque, praying, crying in sujood, and asking Allah for patience.

"Ya Allah... You gave me this life. Please give me the strength to live it."

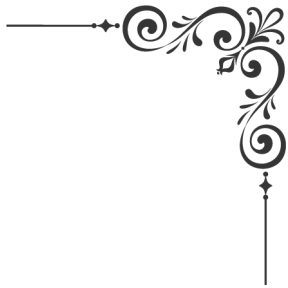
Some nights, I still thought of giving up — but Allah protected me from destroying my hereafter.

And in that, I found my real strength

Quote for the Reader:

"Sometimes, the people you expect to hold your hand will let it go.

But Allah's hand never leaves yours — even when you've stopped holding on."



13 Chapter 7

14 Shattered Dreams, Redirected Hopes

After FSC, my life suddenly turned into a storm. I had prepared for MDCAT with all my strength, but when the time came, I could not even sit in the exam. My marks also did not improve, and all of this happened because of a mistake by my school management.

That was the moment I felt my world breaking apart. I had always been someone who never gave up, but this time I truly felt like I had lost. I could not believe that after studying so much, my marks were still low and my MDCAT registration was not done. These thoughts kept me awake, kept me stressed, and I started to feel empty inside.

For the first time in life, I felt like a defeated person. And the saddest part was—there was no support from my family. Sorry to say, but at that time, the support was zero.

Whenever I tried to open a book, my head would start hurting. It felt like books had become my enemy. Slowly, I started to hate studying. This was painful for me because since childhood, I had only one dream: I want to be a doctor. But after result day, two to three months of my life went completely wasted. I was stuck, confused, and broken at a time when my future needed decisions.

I also realized something: I had forgotten Allah. I forgot that the same Allah who gave me strength to study could also solve my problems. He is the one who controls everything.

One day, while thinking deeply, I felt that maybe my MDCAT registration not happening, my marks not improving—maybe all this was a sign. A sign that Allah wanted me to choose another path.

I wanted to be a doctor, but why? Not for money, not for fame. I wanted to help other disabled people and treat them for free. Then it hit me: a doctor is not only MBBS. There are many types of doctors—PharmD, DVM, Dental, and also DPT (Doctor of Physiotherapy).

Around that time, a new guest came to our home—my niece Abiha, my elder brother s daughter. We were all waiting for her birth with love, because it had been many years since a baby was born in our family. But when she was born, her little shoulder was not moving.

Doctors told us it was nerve damage during delivery and would recover in one or two weeks. Some people said it was because of cousin marriage (since my brother and bahbhi were cousins), but I personally believe everything happens only by Allah's will.

Abiha needed physiotherapy. In our area, very few people knew about this field. I also had no idea about it. Then we met Dr. Nabeel, a physiotherapist at Arya Diagnostic Clinic in Gilgit, where my brother worked as a lab technologist. He advised physiotherapy, so my brother used to take Abiha daily for treatment, and sometimes I also went with them.

When I saw the board outside his clinic that read Physiotherapy Doctor, I was shocked. This was also a doctor's degree! But sadly, in our area people think physiotherapists are just masseurs.

That day, my heart felt heavy. My own childhood problem could have been solved by physiotherapy. If awareness about this field existed back then, not only me, but many disabled people could have been treated without surgery.

I started searching about this field, asking questions, talking to my father and brother. Finally, I decided: I will do DPT. I will do it

for Abiha and for other disabled people, so that they can receive free treatment and not suffer like I did.

When I saw Abiha's pain, I thought, "If only there had been such a doctor in my childhood, maybe today I would also be fine." That was the turning point for me.

When I discussed this with universities, some people said this field would be too difficult for me because of my disability. But I replied strongly, "I am not that disabled. I can work. I am fit for everything except a small problem in my foot. I can walk like a normal person."

By then, admissions in government universities were already closed. I contacted many institutions but found no option. Then I asked my father to go with me to the Directorate of Education. There we met the Assistant Director, who was once my father's student. He told us, "Admissions in all government universities are closed now. You should try next year."

But I said, "No, I did not give MDCAT, and I don't want to waste another year. I want admission now."

He told us that some private institutes still had admissions open. He mentioned Bashir Institute of Health Sciences, Islamabad. He said it was a little better than others and that I could also get 50% scholarship there.

I searched about this institute. At first, it looked good—their website had nice building pictures. Later, I found out those pictures were 3D designs. Still, what gave me peace was that their DPT program was affiliated with SZABMU. That meant the degree was authentic and valuable.

Yes, I wanted to study in a top university, but sometimes fate writes a different plan. In the end, it is not the name of the university that matters. It is the passion of the student. If you truly love your field, you create your own future. Degrees don't create scope—people do.

So, with this mindset, I submitted my form through the Directorate, and finally, my nomination for Bashir Institute was confirmed.

For me, this was not just admission. This was the return of hope. I was no longer the broken boy who failed at MDCAT. I was now a future Doctor of Physiotherapy.

Message to Disabled Students and Families

I want to say this to every disabled student: failure in one exam does not mean failure in life. Sometimes Allah closes one door because He has prepared a better door for you.

To my brothers and sisters with disabilities: never give up. Your disability does not define your limits. What defines you is your courage to rise again.

To the families: your support means everything. Please, don't leave your children alone in this struggle. The world outside is already hard for them.

And to all students: don't just choose a field because society says it is great. Choose the field that connects with your heart, where your passion and purpose meet. That is the real way to success.

15 Chapter 8

16 "The First Step Into a New World – My DPT Journey Begins"

After my DPT nominations were announced at Bashir Institute of Health Sciences Islamabad, we talked to their admissions office. Theysaid:

"You should start classes as soon as possible because classes had already started one month ago."

I was very excited that now I would go to university and also see Islamabad. But I didn't know that once again I would have to go back to a college-level system.

The Uniform Challenge

I talked to their Vice Principal. She said:

"Remember, there is also a college uniform."

I had left King College after just three months only because of uniform. I felt very uncomfortable in pant and shirt—maybe because of my disability.

That is why I told her:

"I cannot wear uniform. I am disabled."

They asked me to send my disability certificate. I sent it. Then I told them:

"If the issue of uniform is not solved, I will never take admission here. Because for me, the most important thing is comfortable dress. If a person is uncomfortable every time, then how will he study?"

The Principal said:

"We already had such a case before. We allowed him without uniform. We will also allow you."

Then I said: "Okay."

: "Comfort is not luxury; for a struggling soul, it is survival."

The Fear of Leaving Home

But the biggest challenge was not uniform. The biggest challenge was that I had never spent a single night outside my home, and now I was going for the first time to Islamabad. I had to live in hostel, away from home. Hostel food instead of my mother's hand-made food. Many challenges were coming my way.

The biggest challenge was my disability. I was thinking:

"How will I face everyone? I don't know how people will look at me. Maybe everyone will be fine, and I will be the only one different. How will I live? How will I face everything? I don't have any friends there because I cannot walk much. And also, I chose a department against my disability. They will make us do exercises, how will I do that?"

: "The heaviest weight is not on your shoulders, it is on your mind."

Whenever I thought of all this, my head started aching. I could not sleep the whole night. At night I used to wake up and pray to Allah:

"Ya Allah, make it easy for me. You are the One who created me, only You can create ease."

Sleepless Nights and Silent Prayers

We must thank Allah in every condition. He is the One who created us. He is the One who gives us food. He is the One who puts us in difficulties so that He can test His servant—does My servant remember Me in difficulty or not? And He is the One who creates ease

and sees: does My servant thank Me or not? So we should always ask from Allah. We should never lose hope.

Even after all these things, I did not tell my family that I could not sleep, that I had headache all the time. Everyone used to ask me: "Why is this happening?" One day, I even ate a whole strip of Panadol tablets. That's why at home my name became "Panadol Doctor."

But what did they know about the pain I was going through? If my head didn't burst after so much pain, I thanked Allah for that too. I bore so much tension silently.

◈ Quote: "Silent battles are the loudest cries of the heart."

But what else could I do? Since childhood, my dream was to become a doctor. I had to go. Abu always asked me: "Are you happy?" I said "Yes"—but in my mind, there were still so many questions.

Then I closed my eyes and made a decision:

"I will go. I will face all difficulties. Whoever laughs at me, I will face him with silence."

◈ Quote: "Strength is not shouting back—it is walking forward with silence."

The Journey Begins

We bought tickets for Islamabad. At that time, there was a strike because of Imran Khan. Two roads were closed and tickets were not available. And the college kept calling again and again:

"When are you coming?"

We told them: "When the road opens, then we will come."

My father had to come with me because it was my first time going there. We were a little late, but finally, the day came when I was about to leave my home carrying all my difficulties and tensions.

I was very worried: "How will I live there?" That night, I did not sleep at all. I kept remembering Allah:

"Ya Allah, give me strength. How will I live outside my home?"

Abu prepared my luggage for me. Because of cold, I had to take coat and clothes. He packed everything.

Mother's Tears

When I was about to leave my home, I met everyone. In front of them, I was acting strong. I was smiling whenever Abu spoke, so that they would not feel I was worried, and so that they would not worry.

But the biggest question was about my mother. How would she live without me? How would I live without her? I loved her hand-made food. Who would cook for me now? Who would take care of me?

When I met my mother before leaving, inside me there was a storm. "How will I live in hostel alone? Who will I tell if I get headache? Whenever I told Ammi, she would bring me medicine and ask: Why does your head ache?"

She cried a lot. I gave her courage, saying:

"Whenever I get holidays, I will come home. Why are you crying?"

But a mother's heart is full of love. I did not cry in front of my mother because I did not want to give her more pain. She was already crying.

: "A mother's tears are heavier than mountains, yet she hides them behind a smile."

I met all my family members and controlled my emotions. When I was leaving home, my mother was watching me with tears. That moment I could not control myself. But what could I do? I had to stay there. I had to study further.

I also thought: "I used to disturb my family a lot at home. Now they will live in peace."

Hope in the Midst of Fear

At last, carrying all my tensions and unanswered questions, I left my home. I was very worried, but in my heart, I had hope:

"I will face everything, no matter how many difficulties come. I will become a doctor. I will guide other disabled students out of such situations. I will become hope for them. Yes, there will be obstacles, but I will face them. I will not lose courage."

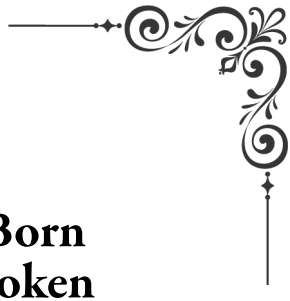
With this courage, I left my home, leaving behind my family and my comfort. Even though outside my home I could not sleep at night, I decided: "I will stay there, I will face it. I will walk out with courage."

That's why I always say: Born different, not broken.

Yes, I am disabled, but I will never give up. I will face all difficulties. My Allah created me in this way. I thank Allah that I can walk properly, I can pray, I can eat food with my own hands. And the biggest blessing: I am not dependent on anyone. I do all my work by myself. I even wash my own clothes.

I only thank Allah that He did not make me dependent on anyone.

: "Your disability does not define you—your courage does."



17 Chapter 9 — Born Different, Not Broken

18 "Courage is fear that has said its prayers." ⚀

I left my home with a heavy, trembling heart. I was carrying pain in my chest, fear in my chest, and countless thoughts in my mind. For the first time, I was traveling toward Islamabad. My Abu was with me. I had never traveled on the Karakoram Highway. I had only heard people say the road was very bad.

I sat by the window seat. For a few hours, I actually enjoyed the journey because the road was good till there. We offered Maghrib in Chilas, and from there the road got rough—but not as bad as I had heard. Alhamdulillah, I didn't feel sick, because I am a driver too. I have been driving since class 6.

We stopped for Isha and dinner. We prayed, ate, and then moved again toward our destination. After that, darkness fell. I don't sleep easily anyway—and how could I sleep in a moving car? I was on the driver's side. When I looked down, I saw only deep, dark gorges, and the blue Indus flowing beside us. With the river, the accident stories I had heard also flowed back into my mind. At every turn where accidents had happened, fear came closer to me.

The road was so bad I kept thinking in my heart: Will I even reach? The whole night I didn't sleep. I kept leaning back into the seat,

changing sides, and every instruction of my family started echoing in my head.

"**At night, when the road is dark, the heart becomes its own flashlight.**"

At dawn, we stopped in Mansehra for Fajr and breakfast. We had left Gilgit at 4 p.m., and we reached Pindi at 9 a.m. I kept asking Abu again and again: Which place is this? How much road is left now? I had never traveled this long before, that too sitting in the same seat the whole time. I started to hate traveling. It felt endless—18 to 20 hours, the car just moving and moving.

Finally we reached Pindi. The first look didn't feel strange to me. Just the buildings were big. Otherwise, it felt like Gilgit. Honestly, I didn't like Pindi.

We got off the car and went to a hotel in Pirwadhai and changed clothes. Then we called the college because we didn't know the exact location. We got ready and left for the college. Since we still didn't know the exact spot, we took a taxi. They told us to get down at Barakahu, Athal Chowk. We called again. The college said, come to Simly Dam Road. We asked the taxi driver, and he said it would take 10–15 minutes. On the way from Barakahu, I saw the college board. At last, we got down at the college gate.

"**When the map is uncertain, faith becomes the compass.**" ⛢

When I looked at the college, I felt it was not the same college I had seen on their web page. Inside, there were not many students—just a few. We met the vice principal. He showed us the whole college. We met the HOD of DPT. I saw the gym and the library. I asked again and again: Where is that building—the one on your website and WhatsApp DP? I did not like the building. But I had heard private medical institutes are usually small. Anyway, what did I have to do with the building? The first thing that mattered was their degree—SZABMU—and second, that they get government nominations.

We discussed the fee with the faculty. They gave me a 45% scholarship, although they were saying it was 50%. But I also know how to count. We met the dean too. We asked about the disabled scholarship. He said: Choose either GB or disabled—only one. And he said the disabled one is smaller, so better to take the GB scholarship.

We deposited the fee. They told me about the uniform: white clothes with a black base coat. That was good for me, because pant-shirt makes me uncomfortable and I cannot walk properly in it. On the first day, I liked their people—admissions, HOD, security, student affairs, accountant—everyone.

I did not have a home there, so I had to stay in the hostel. We met the warden. He took us to see the hostel. It was a little far from the college. For me, it wasn't too far, but still, I didn't want to walk. I asked about transport. He said hostel transport hadn't started yet, but they would start it soon. I said okay.

After that, Abu and I went back to Pindi to buy hostel things. Abu took me around the city. Even today I remember that day. It was fun to roam with Abu. He joked with me—coming back from one place, he would ask, "Now tell me, how will we go there again?" I knew nothing; it was my first time in this city. We stayed two days in Pindi, and on Sunday we took all the hostel stuff and went to the hostel.

We reached the hostel and the warden was there. He seated us in his room. I was very worried at that time, because Abu was going to leave on Monday. I didn't tell him. That whole night I could not sleep. I had no friends there. I didn't know anyone. The hostel was in a strange area, far from the city. Suzuki vans ran at night. I spoke with the warden about food; he said it was good. But some things you only learn by living there. Don't praise too early.

Abu stayed with me in the hostel. I wasn't given a room yet, because many students were on leave. I didn't sleep the entire night. In the morning, it was my first day at the college—but there was no class. It was Monday, the last day of sports week.

"**Sometimes the longest nights are just bridges to who you're becoming."**

Morning came. My heart was beating fast. How will I live here now? Inside, I was crying. I didn't like anything. I am the kind of person who eats good food and sleeps in a quiet, single room—no noise, no disturbance. How will I live in this hostel?

But I had to study. I wanted to become a doctor. I wanted to show everyone that I am not weak.

"**At the edge of fear, purpose whispers: keep going."**

At last, the day came when my Abu left me this far from home. I had never lived anywhere except home. I had never lived without Abu and Ami. Nothing tastes good to me except home food. Away from home, I can't sleep at night. I was very upset, but I kept myself strong in front of Abu. I didn't cry. My heart wanted to go back with him.

But one storm of thoughts kept spinning in my head: How will I face all these problems? What will I be able to do while living here? How will I walk in front of all this? If someone makes fun of me—if someone laughs—what will I do? How will I bear it? How will I go out? At home, I had my own car. I drove myself. I was not dependent on anyone. Here, I have no friends. I don't know anyone. How will I live in this hostel that felt like a jail? These questions did not let me sleep. My head hurt.

But I know how to face difficulties. I have never accepted defeat, and I won't accept it now. Allah made me. I am not dependent on anyone.

I made a promise: whatever problems come here, I will stand and face them. I will not involve my family.

"**Faith does not always calm the storm—it calms the traveler."** ◈

Those hours—those last minutes—I still remember them. When my Abu was leaving me alone, I was screaming inside. I wanted to hug my Abu and cry. But what would crying do? It would only worry him. I was scared that if I cried, he might take me back, thinking I cannot

live here. So I smiled in front of him. Whenever Abu spoke, I smiled. But when I was alone, I cried hard. I prayed to Allah: Ya Allah, give me strength, give me patience, save me from these difficulties. That was my dua.

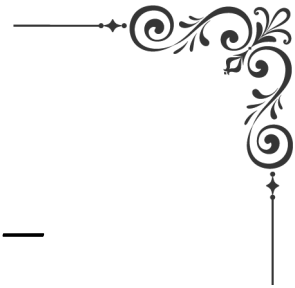
When I said goodbye to Abu—you won't believe it—even now, while writing this, I am crying. But there, I didn't cry. Abu kept looking at me. In that moment, it felt like my world was going away from me. I had already left my Ami while she was crying, and now I was parting from Abu too. I have never been separated from my Abu and Ami. Think about it, yaar—someone who has never lived away from home—how can he live this far? And on top of that, carrying a heavy weight: disability. How can I bear all this? I love my Abu and Ami very much. Even now, when I remember, I cry a lot. I do not sleep at night.

But I don't tell anyone, because I decided: whatever problems come, I will fight them alone. I will not involve anyone. That's why I said goodbye to my Abu without crying. I wanted to hug him and cry, but I did not want to become weak. Now, whatever difficulties come, I will face them alone. I will never lose courage, InshaAllah.

"**I am born different—but not broken. I will bend, and then I will rise.**" ◈

I am born different, but not broken. I will become a doctor, InshaAllah.

"Every mile away from home was a mile closer to who I am meant to be."



19 Chapter 10 — 20 Far From Home

Home. I was the kind of person who had never lived away from it. I only liked the food cooked in my own kitchen. Without the warmth of my house, sleep wouldn't come. And then life took me far away from that comfort—far away from home—with a body that didn't always cooperate. In this new city, I couldn't eat home food, I couldn't sleep with peace, and I couldn't even step outside freely. I became, once again, a helpless person—limited to a single room.

Finally, my father dropped me at the college and took his leave. As he said goodbye, it felt as if something in my world dimmed. But what could I do? I had a dream. I wanted to become a doctor. I wanted to help people with disabilities so they wouldn't suffer what I was suffering. **So I stayed. I endured. Difficulties were always going to come—I knew that.**

The first encounter with loneliness

That very day, after my father left, I went to a ground in Banigala. It was the last day of our college's sports week. I took one of the college vehicles to get there. When I got out of the car, I realized I was the strangest person in the whole place—at least that's how it felt. I couldn't eat there. I couldn't walk properly. I could only watch. I couldn't talk to anyone because I didn't know anyone.

I knew just one student from my class—someone I had met in the hostel. I found him there, and he introduced me to the CR (class

representative). He added me to the class group. Still, the people there didn't feel like the people back home in Gilgit. As I stepped out of the car, I could feel the eyes on me—curious, puzzled, almost as if they had never seen someone like me before. Maybe some were thinking, Will this person study with us? What kind of person is he?

I didn't look at anyone. I was deeply sad—but not because of their stares. I had faced looks like that before; I knew they would come. I was sad because my father had just left, and I missed him painfully. Part of me wanted to run back to him; another part of me whispered, You came here to study. Study. I was confused and uneasy. Some people laughed, some said "toba." I quietly slipped away, found a corner, sat on the ground, and spoke to my Lord in my heart.

"I know You made me, Ya Allah," I prayed silently. "Give me strength. Give me patience. You have power over everything."

I don't like to show my helplessness in front of people. Whoever I meet, I try to smile, greet them, talk to them. Around me, the students were playing. I sat alone. I asked myself, Why can't I play? The answer came back gently: Because walking itself is a struggle for you right now—how will you run?

At that time, I knew only two classmates. Then, by the mercy of God, I met a few students from Gilgit. Meeting them gave me courage. Before that, I felt completely alone there.

People's laughter didn't affect me much. Yes, I am disabled—but I have never considered myself defeated. I used to tell myself, Maybe Allah has written ease for me inside this test. These thoughts gave me strength whenever my heart was heavy.

"I am disabled, yes—but I am not defeated."

The moment of anger

I was studying FSc at KIPS. There, all kinds of people came and went. At KIPS, I didn't feel as helpless. I used to go in the KIPS van—and sometimes, I drove my own car.

THE CRIPPLED HEALER

It was the beginning of FSc Part 2. I had done Part 1 at KIPS as well. That day, I hadn't booked the van, so I took my own car. Usually, I parked inside the college, but that day they didn't let me in because I didn't have a car pass. I had to park outside and walk towards the college.

Two girls were behind me. I was walking ahead; they were laughing as they followed. I thought, Maybe they're just laughing about something else. Near the corridor, there was glass ahead and along the sides. In the reflection, I caught it—their laughter was about me. I ignored it and kept walking. But then they started laughing louder. Other people began to look.

I felt anger rising. When I get angry, I don't see anything else—not whether it's a girl or a boy, not what people will think. I turned around and asked, "Why are you laughing?" They laughed again. A fuse blew inside me. I didn't think. Many people were watching. I slapped one of the girls—hard—and said terrible things I wish I hadn't said. I had never done anything like that to anyone before. She stood there and cried. I couldn't control my anger.

When I went home, the realization hit me like a storm. Even if she was laughing at me, I shouldn't have done that. Even if someone mocks me, it doesn't give me the right to hurt them. I raised my hands and prayed, "Ya Allah, give me control over my anger."

The next day, I went to ask about her. She hadn't come. A few days later, I found out she had left the college—because of me. She couldn't face people anymore. That day, I truly understood how wrong I had been. In anger, I didn't even know what I had said. I didn't even know her.

I made a promise to myself: From this day on, I will never break anyone's heart. If someone laughs at me or mocks me, I will say nothing.

"Win the battle inside, and the world outside loses its power over you."

After that, I kept quiet. I learned to control my anger. People there still laughed; some still mocked. But what could I do? I am who I am. Mocking someone doesn't change anything—but kindness can.

Alone in a crowd

The next day was the college's Culture Festival. I went. I faced people again. And for a moment, I felt a little joy. I met a boy from Gilgit. I saw cultures from different regions. Of them, KPK and Gilgit touched my heart most—the people of Gilgit presented their culture so beautifully. Still, I sat alone—feeling like a person who couldn't do much, limited by a body that had its own rules.

But this was only the beginning. Many difficulties were still waiting for me. I hadn't even attended my class yet, because classes hadn't started—and I didn't know anyone. That night, after the Culture Festival, I barely slept for an hour. Strange thoughts came and went. I missed home. I thought, I have to spend five years here. How will I live? Will I be able to face all of this?

But I reminded myself—I haven't given up yet. I won't. I will become a good doctor, Insha'Allah. All night, that thought stayed with me.

More trials were waiting. I couldn't eat the hostel food at all. I don't even like eating at my cousins' houses; how was I supposed to like hostel food? And I couldn't even go out easily. In Gilgit, I had my own car. I drove myself. I never had a driver. Whenever I wanted, I would drive—free and independent. I used to do all my work myself. I even washed my own clothes.

That night, I stood on my prayer mat and said:

"Ya Allah, whatever difficulties are written ahead for me—give me the strength to face them. Give me courage. Give me sabr. Ameen."

"Home wasn't just a place; it was my medicine. But perhaps, far from home, I will learn to heal."

"Sometimes, Allah takes us far from what we love—so He can bring us closer to who we are meant to become."

I closed my eyes with those prayers on my tongue. Tomorrow would be hard. But I would be harder. And one day, insha'Allah, I would wear a white coat—not just to treat bodies, but to hold hearts like mine, so no one would have to carry pain alone.

21 Chapter 11 — Between Hope and Fear (DPT and My Not-So-First First Day)

What I Wanted vs. What I Got

I always imagined my "first day" would be at a big university. I had already lived through college life once. I wanted a new beginning under a new sky. But I chose DPT in a medical institute, so my university "first day" never really happened. Instead, I stood at the door of a different kind of first day—one that felt half-known and half-new.

That Morning: Effort and Mayosi

That morning, my heart carried two things at once: effort and sadness. I was excited to enter my class, but I was also afraid. I kept thinking, "There is no one like me in this college. What if they laugh? What if they stare? How will I walk in front of everyone?" These thoughts kept circling in my head.

> Walk with your fear; let your faith walk beside you.

The Room I Finally Got

Earlier, the hostel warden hadn't given me a room because many students were away on leave. That night, when they returned from home, the warden finally gave me a room. I went in, set my few things, and sat quietly. Soon, one of my roommates arrived. He was from KPK. I had never lived in a hostel before, so seeing him felt good. People from Gilgit and KPK are almost the same in nature—simple, warm,

straightforward. He was from another department. I had also heard that three more boys would join our room, all from DPT, but they had not come yet. Two of them would also be in my class.

A Night of Two Hours

Sleep did not come to me that night. My mind was full. Five years in this hostel—how will I do it? My father had dropped me just two days ago. I already missed my family so much. Hostel life can be very good, and it can be very bad. The truth is, it depends on your roommates. That night, I slept for only one or two hours. I did not have any addiction of staying up all night; it was just worry and noise inside my head.

The Phone I Fought For

Before this, I did not even have a proper mobile. I bought a phone while coming to Islamabad— . I wished I had it earlier. Maybe I would have been in MBBS now. Without online sources and without transport, life was very hard. My family did not understand. In their hearts, they believed, "A phone will spoil the child." They did not see that in this time, a phone is important. A phone is like a friend if you use it well, and the biggest enemy if you don't.

> A phone can be a tool or a trap; let it be your servant, not your master.

The Routine That Made Me

Before hostel life, I followed a simple Islamic timetable because I used to sleep alone in my room at home. I had only an iPad/phone, and I mostly used it as an alarm. Since Matric, I had this habit: I prayed Isha, slept, woke up at 3 a.m., prayed nafl, made dua, prayed Fajr, and then studied. This routine helped me all the way till Matric. I still believe time is everything for a student. If you have a good timetable, you are already ahead. And we are Muslims—our time should start with salah, Qur'an, a little exercise, and then study. If you want success, make this your routine. If you live by Deen, you will find your way. InshaAllah.

When Hostel Broke My Rhythm

But the hostel broke my rhythm. Other people had their own ways. I tried hard to keep my routine, but it didn't work. That was the biggest reason I could not sleep. That, and my own questions that kept moving inside my head.

Dua Before the Walk

The next morning, I got ready. I carried my fear and my hope together. Inside my heart, I spoke to Allah. "Ya Allah, give me strength. Help me face whatever comes. Give me the power to control my anger. Ameen."

Distance and Feet

The hostel was a little far from the college, but I could walk. In school, I used to walk 8 km every day. So this distance was not much for me. Even then, the college van passed by often, and I would sometimes take it.

> If you cannot change the road, strengthen your feet.

First Row, Late Start

I reached college, walked into the classroom, and chose the first row on the boys' side, because I have always sat in the first row—in school and in FSc. There were about eight boys in my class. I met them one by one. I was the only boy from Gilgit. I had also heard there was one girl from Gilgit, but I had never spoken to any girl in my life, even though I studied in co-education. So we never talked. I gave my introduction to all the subject teachers. I had joined late—almost one month and twenty days late—and I had still not given the SZAMBU test. I knew I had a lot to cover.

A Small Building, Big Lessons

The classroom looked simple to me. It felt like the same classroom from my school days; private institutes don't have huge buildings. But I liked the way the teachers taught. Very different from government teachers. They stood, explained everything clearly, and kept the lecture alive. Our HOD was a female teacher—strict. If you were absent, she

would scold badly the next day. Some people did not care, but I was not the type to stay absent, so I was not afraid.

Eyes, Uniforms, and My Fear

My first day was not very bad. It was not very good either. Maybe because I had already enjoyed college life before, nothing felt new. In my head, I was still worried. City people are often proud. I feared someone would say something rude to me or I might lose my temper and ruin my college life. But that day, nothing happened. Many students were absent anyway. Even my future roommates who were in my class had not arrived yet.

People looked at me. They looked a lot. They might look again tomorrow. Maybe they had never seen a person like me. Also, everyone was in uniform. I was the only one without a uniform. So of course their eyes stopped at me. I had already faced these looks during sports week and the cultural festival in the past. So I did not give their eyes too much power. I cannot shut every mouth. I can only shut my own. So I asked Allah for patience.

> Sabr is not silent suffering. Sabr is steady steps in a loud world.

A Promise to Myself

That day, I made a promise to myself: I will face my problems alone. I will not involve anyone—not even my family. No matter how worried I am, I will talk to them with a smile. They should not feel that I cannot live here. Even if I am breaking inside, I will keep going. InshaAllah.

Transport: My Old Shadow

Transport became my biggest problem. It has followed me like a shadow. The second big problem was the hostel. Even here, transport was a struggle. After my first day ended, I went back on foot. It took me only twenty minutes. For me, that was nothing. I had walked one full hour to school before, and that path was rough. Here, at least, the road was straight.

Hostel: Far and Famous for the Wrong Reasons

People warned me about it. "Our hostel is bad. The food is not good. And it is far from everything." There were no shops nearby. If we needed anything basic, we had to sit in a Suzuki and pay 50 rupees to reach Barakahu bazaar. Some students even started calling the area "Khanzeerabad" because pigs roamed there. I had never faced something like this before.

The Lunch That Broke My Heart

I had not paid attention to hostel food before. But that afternoon, when I came back from college, the hostel lunch was waiting. I had never seen such food in my life. I had heard hostel food is bad. That day, I learned the difference between home food and this. I remembered my mother's hands. I did not eat. At home, if I didn't like something, I would ask for something else. Here, who would cook for me? I missed my ammi with every breath. When we live at home, we don't feel it. When we step out, we learn what home really is.

> A mother's food is not just food. It is home.

Still Moving

That night, I lay on my hard bed and stared at the ceiling. From far away, I could hear the noise of bikes and vans. My stomach was empty, but my heart was full—of questions, of longing, of quiet prayers. I am not here to be perfect. I am here to keep walking. I chose DPT. I chose a path that is five years long. My first day did not look like a dream. It looked like the truth: a mix of fear and hope, hunger and patience, pain and faith. But I am still here. I am still moving.

InshaAllah, I will not give up. Ameen.

22 Chapter 12

23 A Room Full of Noise, A Heart Full of Sabr

After the holidays, classes finally started. Attendance was thin; only eight of us showed up because college had just reopened after the break. I hadn't even met all my classmates yet. My two roommates from my class hadn't arrived either—one was from KPK, the other from Chakwal. Among the eight in class, there was also a Sindhi guy—funny by nature, always making jokes. He'd often drop by our room with the Chakwal boy, even though his own room was somewhere else. I only knew all this because one of my "BSN-walay" roommates told me.

We were four in our hostel room—three DPT and one BSN. I still hadn't met everyone properly. I tried to "enjoy" the hostel food, but I didn't like it at all. On day one, I ended up eating outside after walking almost 2 km to find a decent hotel because there wasn't a single good place nearby.

On one side, nights without sleep. On the other, food that never felt right. I was in a place I hadn't chosen, pressed from every direction. Only hope held me together—hope from Allah. He gave me himmat, and I chose sabr, because to gain something, you must lose something. In those days, I lost my sleep, my sukoon—almost everything.

- "There are nights when sleep stands at the door and refuses to come in. On those nights, faith has to switch on the light."

A couple of days later, I finally met two of my roommates—the Chakwal boy and the Sindhi. I didn't know them yet, but both were very sharaarti with me. "You think we're joking, right?" they'd say. I told them, "Joke karo, lekin limit honi chahiye. Bas." They laughed a lot—more than I could handle sometimes. I don't like people who laugh too loudly or too much. I love humor too, but jokes should be within limits. Often, jokes cross the line, lips start spitting gaalis, and then people say, "Aray, it was just a joke." So I made it clear from day one: "I joke too—but remember the limit."

Still, I liked them. I asked them about studies; they guided me. Days in the hostel were moving, but I couldn't follow my old timetable at all. Because of that, sleep became a stranger. I barely slept 2–3 hours a day. My head throbbed all day because I had never spent days away from home before. It felt like I was paying a price I never agreed to pay. I missed my family badly. On calls with Ami and Abu, I'd put on a smile. After hanging up, I cried.

- "I laughed on the phone so my parents wouldn't worry. I cried afterwards so my heart wouldn't burst."

Life changed overnight. My mind wouldn't settle. I kept asking myself, how will I live here? How do I do this?

Time passed. My KPK roommate, Tayab, arrived. Our temperaments matched. We became friends—the kind who go out together at night, grab a bite, laugh at small things. Hostel life got a little lighter with him. But he suffered from kidney pain—sickness followed him everywhere. Still, with Tayab around, the days began to feel a little more like days.

There were people in the hostel who spoke Shina, but none in my room. I didn't meet them much.

A week after I came, our HOD said, "A student from Gilgit is joining." Hearing that made me so happy. I thought, now class will feel like home—I'll have someone from my own land. That very night, I met him: Mursalin Abbas, from district Nagar. I'm from Gilgit, but our

zaban was the same. The moment I met him, I felt it—Mursalin is a good soul, a little shy, respectful, zikr on his tongue. I had prayed for a friend like this, and Allah sent him. We were happy. We sat together in class, walked back together from college, and our understanding was effortless. His room was different, but we spent more time visiting each other's rooms anyway. He, too, wasn't satisfied with the hostel—just like me. But once you got in, the management wouldn't let you out easily. Ek baar andar aa gaye to bas.

I was settling a bit, but the food still disturbed me constantly. I complained to the warden; nothing changed. I often ate outside. Sometimes I didn't eat at all, because the hotels were far and, honestly, not that great.

I kept telling Mursalin, "Let's leave the hostel." He'd say, "Theek hai," then change his mind the next day—"Actually, I think I'll stay." This was his habit: he rarely stayed firm on one decision.

My understanding with my roommates grew, too. The Sindhi was around us a lot, always joking. But since I had arrived late, I was far behind in studies. And settling into the hostel stole more time. Mentally, I wasn't there yet. My brain refused to listen—why did I come here, how am I supposed to live?

I tried to revive my timetable: wake up at 3 a.m. for nafl, then study. For that, sleeping right after Isha was must. I'd always done it that way. Islam, too, encourages sleeping after Isha, so you can catch Fajr. But in the hostel, my namaz started getting qaza because my timetable broke down. I used to have no phone, so I had no addiction. I could easily sleep early without a screen. But for that, the environment has to help. My roommates would be on their phones late, laughing and talking. I tried to sleep through the noise, but couldn't. I'd end up sitting with them. My studies took the hit. In the midterm, I failed.

Every time I opened a book, FSC days flashed before me—how I studied day and night and still didn't get the marks I wanted. What will

happen now? My heart wanted to study, but my hands wouldn't open the book.

I kept trying to follow the timetable, but it didn't work. I was exhausted. My solution was simple: after Isha, I'd lie down, hoping they'd think I was asleep and talk softly. I did it once or twice. Instead of quietening down, they got louder—more jokes, more laughter.

- "Patience isn't silence; it's choosing dignity when noise tries to drown you."

One day, the Sindhi crossed the line. I had told him on day one about limits. I kept quiet from the outside because they were my classmates and this was the hostel. I thought, he won't do it again. But he came daily. The moment I closed my eyes, he'd get loud, joking, laughing. Later, a Punjabi also joined. They joked with my roommates at my expense. No sense that someone was sleeping.

I was done. I told the Sindhi plainly, "Don't joke like this with me. When I sleep, speak softly." I told my roommates too: keep the volume low. They didn't listen. I clashed with the Sindhi. Things cooled for a few days, then it started again. At first it was only him. Then others joined. Naqeeb didn't stay behind either. I argued with him; we stopped talking. I took it to the warden. That's how things with Naqeeb settled temporarily.

Right around then, first semester exams came. They went badly. I hadn't studied. I read a past paper the night before and walked into the exam hall. I was physically present, mentally broken. Nights awake, sitting, pacing. It started touching my mental health. On top of that, student life in a co-education environment brought its own kind of stress. Despite everything, I didn't tell my family.

With Tayab, I had a good understanding. With the BSN-walay too. They didn't bother me much at first. But by the end, even they stopped caring. Tayab and I also ended up fighting. I told Mursalin, "Bas, we're leaving the hostel." I told the warden too: "Either let me leave, or remove the ones who disturb." He said, "Theek hai." The one he'd

planned to remove improved, kept to himself, and stopped bothering. But the two who remained started again. They'd poke me deliberately. They wouldn't let me go out. In the end, it crossed all limits. Tayab and the BSN-walay teamed up and pushed it too far. The moment I fell asleep, they'd blast songs or talk loudly and laugh, sometimes mocking me. I wouldn't say a word.

Mursalin, too, was tired of hostel life. His roommate was miserable. We wanted out, but they wouldn't accept applications. Finally, we decided: we're leaving. We got the dean's signature. I asked my father to call the warden, but the response wasn't good. I submitted my application; the warden didn't sign, said, "Leave it at reception; I'll read it later." We didn't wait for miracles.

We rented a room near the college. We were four: me, Mursalin, and two of his roommates. Three of us were from Gilgit, one from KPK—and he was a good guy. I used to really like Pathans, but after those hostel roommates, I felt myself growing a bias. Later I learned how unfair that was. Not everyone is the same. Some people carry their home's tarbiyat on their sleeves; their actions show where they come from—good or otherwise.

- "Hostel teaches you people before it teaches you books."

- "Allah didn't change my situation in a day; He changed me for the situation."

Through all of this, I learned how hostel life works—how people jugaar their way through days and nights. I recognized Punjabis, Pathans, Sindhis—better yet, I learned to recognize individuals. And I learned something else: I wasn't perfect either. I didn't know how to live in a hostel. Lack of sleep and constant tension made me short-tempered. I must have said things I shouldn't have said. I was wrong too.

If anything I've written here hurts any of my roommates, I'm sorry. Truly.

- "We are all rough drafts of better people. Forgiveness is the edit."

And yet, even in the hardest days, one truth kept me standing: hope. Hope that Allah sees the nights I lose, the tears I hide, the prayers I whisper. Hope that one day, I'll sleep early after Isha again, wake at 3 a.m. for nafl, and study with a heart at peace. Hope that the noise outside won't drown the voice inside.

- "Sometimes you lose sleep to find yourself. Sometimes you lose a room to find a home."

If you want, I can tweak the tone further—more nostalgic, more reflective, or more fast-paced—or add subheadings for flow.

24 Chapter:13

25 This chapter is because of you:

26 My feeling' my heart ❤ and Aeee

27 Unread Dua: block, steak or sabr ka safr

Some hearts are born with extra gravity; they fall harder and they rise stronger.

Main kam nahin, bas imtihan zyada diye gaye hain.

I want to write today the most important chapter of my book. In this chapter I will mention those feelings of mine which do exist in everyone, but my feelings were a bit different. Despite being a disabled person, I never considered myself less. I always tried to go with others and, by listening and talking, to move forward. I never lost courage, but sometimes such situations arise which are not in a person's control.

Allah placed love in every heart. That is the heart's nature — to feel.

Grief is love with nowhere to go.

A person cannot control his emotions. Allah has kept love in the hearts of all people, and the nature of the heart is that it keeps emotions; in it there is attraction for someone or another. This is in

the hearts of all people, whether they are dark or fair, poor or rich, or disabled; all have hearts and they also have emotions; they can also love. But our society considers these emotions fine only if you are rich; otherwise your emotions have no value.

Where Allah has written dignity, no person can edit.

The right people will never make you feel like a burden.

In this chapter I will also give an answer to a question: what feelings are inside a disabled person about love, and how does society treat those feelings and what does it think. It is not necessary that this happened to me; that is why I am writing. I am such a person that whenever I see anything or such feelings come, first I apply it on someone and do that experiment, that from this what effect can come in my life and what effect will fall on the other, and whether this work should be done or not. Attraction is in everyone's heart, but we have to understand them, whether these are good for us or not. I am a disabled person, so I am not writing all this for myself, rather I am writing for you, whether this suits you or not, what will happen ahead from this, we surely should think.

Before you follow a feeling, ask what it asks of you.

Not every emotion deserves a decision.

COME, LISTEN: WHAT is my opinion about love, and why it happens, and how to check it, whether it is good, whether it should be done as a student or not? Society has taught me a lot, and I have also borne a lot; I have endured a lot of pain, people's talk, how society looks at a disabled person, all these things I remember. Besides all these things and problems, inside me also there are feelings; I also have feelings. I also understand the feeling of love. If I am disabled, will these feelings not be inside me? These are inside everyone; they are in everyone's heart. For someone or the other, there is love in the heart, or attraction. Allah has put this in everyone's hearts. Someone can also

have love with someone. I know about my life: how I am, how I see, how I walk. Through how many difficulties I came here, how many sorrows are in my heart, how many things I tolerate of people.

Sabr is not silence; it's trust with a heartbeat.

Let your pain make you kinder, not smaller.

If you have come till here, then surely you know me. Despite all these difficulties, I am here to fulfill my dream. I have endured a lot of pain to come till here; I have borne many difficulties.

You can be both a masterpiece and a work in progress.

Dreams are also acts of worship when they pull you closer to your purpose.

When I came in college then I saw that a disease was stuck in people, love. In someone I observed it. So in college in me these feelings were not at all. This was not because I consider myself nothing, or I am disabled, so do disabled keep no heart, does he have no feelings? Are there, they also keep feelings. Poor, rich, in all humans these feelings are present. This was not because that I did not like someone, so there was no attraction, nor did I understand this. I do not understand poetry and poetry at all; even now also I do not understand, because my heart does not want to understand. So when I heard these talks I laughed, that what feelings are these, strange talks, waste of time. Someone for someone so mad. How can it happen? Someone talks of dying, then someone talks of breaking stars from the sky. To me all these talks seemed strange. If someone did these talks then I made fun of him.

I used to laugh at lovers. Then one day, I heard my own heart laugh at me.

Jo dard pehle mazaak lagta tha, aaj wahi meri zuban ban gaya.

But when I completed my college life and entered in university life, came so far, many difficulties came. I came far from my home, very far. Away from home I had forgotten all those things which I had faced till today, pains, people's talks. Who am I, why came here, just I have come in university, here to study, this thing I remembered. My

first semester was running. Till here I faced many difficulties. Despite all these difficulties, I felt such a feeling of which I sometimes made fun. I had never felt such a feeling. I had heard that in university these feelings come. How would I know that this would happen with me too.

Distance taught me what presence never could.

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In my heart also for someone attraction arose, but I did not understand that attraction. How would I know this attraction is love, or just like that it was present in my heart. So I had heard many people, they at night do not even sleep, because this same disease is attached to them. Anyway I also did not sleep, sleep did not come. This not because that I liked someone; therefore to me sleep was not coming because I had many sorrows, pains were many, there were difficulties in life. I used to think how to face them. Besides all these, one more trouble was falling in my heart which was troubling me very much, every time the memory of that same person coming, and only thinking about him, not feeling like in any work, and the heart every time being restless. These things troubled me a lot. But you are thinking how did these things fall in my heart, whereas I do not even understand such feelings; even if they happen, then I am a disabled person, right.

Life rarely changes with big speeches; sometimes it's a single click.

Small doors, big destinies.

I used to make fun of others; when they talked such things, then how did the ghost of love ride on me? So come, let's put how all this happened.

Misunderstandings are shadows; truth is always patient.

Give people the mercy you wish they had given you.

My story you all know; I did not have mobile till completing FSc; I took a mobile just one month before coming here, so about mobile, about social media apps, I did not know so much; nor had I used before; I did not know anything that how people add girls on any social

media, how to follow, unfollow, remove, block or unblock; I did not know anything. I had come here, about 2 months had passed; I had only used TikTok, Facebook; about the rest of the apps I had no idea.

Sometimes a stranger teaches you the alphabet of your own heart.

Connection begins where explanations are not necessary.

One day I saw in someone's mobile an app which is for taking pictures, and in it there are different filters so such pictures come out, so everyone uses that app. I also installed that app; that app is Snapchat; this is such an app; it changed my life; the one to make me feel the most that I am a disabled person, this app is. I also installed this app and I also used it for taking pictures; just I absolutely did not know what other functions of this app are and for what other work it is used. When I installed it and in it an ID had to be made, so I made an ID; in it a message came that add people so the account will be complete; as many as were there I added all, thinking that maybe by this the picture quality will be good; as many as were there I added all, so my account was made. In one two days I had run Snapchat chart that some messages came to me in which videos also came, and notifications used to come to me that so-and-so has accepted your request; I was surprised, when did I send a request that he accepted; I asked someone, then it became known that while making the account I had sent requests to everyone; whoever numbers were in my mobile in groups, to all; in that our class group was also there; to them also it went. I did not know anything; nor had I talked to any girl till today.

This app made me feel my disability, but it won't define my worth."

At that time, I received a video from an account showing a small child. The account name said "Musa here." I thought it must be a boy, and since I also had a college friend named Musa, I assumed it was him. That's why he accepted the request.

The name fooled me; my intentions didn't

I sent a message, asking who it was. The reply came: "From your class." I was surprised because there is no one named Musa in our class. I asked again, "Who from the class?" The reply was "girl fellow." Then I understood. . At that time, I didn't even know their real name because the ID had someone else's name. I said sorry, and after that, we didn't talk.

Misunderstandings hurt; honest apologies heal

A day or two later, another message came. When I opened it, it showed:

"You and Musa are not a close friends."

This message came from Snapchat in English. I didn't pay much attention and thought maybe that person had unfollowed me, so that's why the message came. So, I also unfollowed them. Later I found out that they hadn't unfollowed me at all. That message actually comes to everyone when a new friend is added on Snapchat.

One confusing ping, one wrong step—lesson earned."

So, I mistakenly unfollowed them. They must have accepted me thinking I was a classmate . But because I didn't know how Snapchat works—I only knew about follow/unfollow, not friend/unfriend—this misunderstanding happened.

Please see my ignorance, not malice—I'm learning."

Maybe because of this, the gir fellow thought I did something wrong or had bad intentions. But actually, it was just my mistake, as I had no knowledge of Snapchat features..

I'm sorry—plain words, true heart

So, I sincerely apologize, girl fellow

Whereas I had added all contacts and whatever suggestions come in it, which are in groups, to all while making the account, so many people had accepted my request. In which there were boys also and there would be girls also, because I did not use much, so I did not know that much. Messages used to come to me; sometimes I saw, sometimes I did not see; and after seeing, if someone's message seemed good, I

reacted on it; like on Insta they do on someone's story, the same I also did.

Learning in public is messy, but it's courage

One day a snap account there was someone's video message which seemed good; I reacted on it, and the message which seemed good to me, I save it, so I saved it; this also I did not know that in Snapchat if you save then the other person comes to know. From there a reply came, listen_ why did you save my message. I was surprised, how did she know that I saved; anyway answer had to be given; I gave answer, sorry I don't now Snapchat features. So reply came, sorry it's ok.

Curiosity stumbled; honesty steadied me."

but I unsaved that message which I had saved in the chat, and I told her that now it is fine, and from there a reply came "Tysm"; what its meaning, how would I know; for two days I kept thinking that what is its meaning, I did not understand at all; then by messaging her again and asking, it became known its meaning was "thank you so much"; I also laughed, that person also must have laughed a lot. Videos and messages used to come from her side; I had no idea why they are sent; sometimes a picture of a street came, then sometimes of a hand, and sometimes of pizza; I was surprised, what all is happening.

Lost in the lingo, I kept asking and kept growing."

One two days passed; I had not messaged; from there a message came, you broke the streak. What is this streak. Now what is this; then it became known that pictures and snaps have to be sent from both sides; from this a streak is made; the count of days happens; all these things how would I know; she told me. With me many people were added, but I do not know; I only replied to her message; this I also did not know. I, without keeping any streak, only sent to her; I did not send to anyone; nor did I see anyone's message; just I looked at her messages; when they did not come then by messaging I would tell that message did not come.

I couldn't keep a streak, but I kept it sincere

Those days at night we all boys were sitting; in fun fun we put some bet that we will ask notes from girls; I had never talked with any girl; how would I know how to talk; everyone messaged someone or another; I had come late and I did not know anyone and nor anyone knew me; only people knew this, I am disabled. I also messaged one; at that time only her name came to me, because she seemed decent to me; when I messaged her then she replied that who are you; I told her her name; I did not know how to talk at all; she said in English that I asked your name, not mine; I told my name and told her I need notes; she said those come in groups, are you not added in the group; I told her yes send me notes; I also along told this that do not mind because I did not know how to talk; she send notes and said that I will tell GR and add you in the group; you are not added because I had messaged from another number; how

Asking scared me; asking anyway changed me

would I know she would mind; in my heart there was no such thing; we were just checking; I get angry quickly; I thought that she minded and she said like this because I am a disabled person; I said yes, talk; she told the GR and CR me; but in this it was not known why she told the GR, whether she wanted to help me or she told for this that I may never message again; and mistake was mine also because I had told her talk whereas she had asked me that are you not in the group; because I had messaged from another number so I said no. From this my little insult happened that I had never talked with any girl and it also felt bad; to her I also told do not mind; still she told; and the heart felt very bad although in my heart there was no bad thing, nor do I understand such talks. Anyway what had to happen happened. After this I swore that I will never talk with any girl; just inside me there were a few feelings; they also ended; that's all.

The first cut teaches you where to place your guards.

But with me on Snapchat what was there, that was completely different, no bad thought. After this incident I felt that what kind of

person is this; someone is insulting me, then someone, even knowing everything that I am disabled, is talking with me; when she had insulted me, whereas I was not such a person at all. I kept thinking; I asked her, why do you talk with me, because you also do know, right, I am disabled. But she gave some other answer; inside her there was no negative thought; she was an open minded person. I am such a boy who had never talked with anyone; to her I told everything; whatever happened, I told her; I felt good to tell her, to talk with her, do not know why. Wherever I saw her then I laughed; do not know why I laughed; I started to talk with her daily; she also had noticed that whenever I saw her I laughed, and looked more, so again and again she asked me, why do you laugh; I said just like that. I do not talk with anyone, but she also, do not know; whenever I told her that you reply late, then she also said I also, except you, do not talk with anyone; do not know why she says this.

Where respect lives, love breathes.

Tumhein samajhne wala shakhs, tumhein badalne ki koshish nahin karta.

WE BOTH KEPT TALKING; I got very used to her; she gave reply a little late, so I told her reply fast; I did not even come to know that I had become very used to her; she taught me to talk, how people talk; I did not know anything; I just sent her snaps; she said who who is added with you on snap; so I said only you, because I do not talk with anyone and snap anyway I did not send to anyone. I am such a boy who had never talked with any girl and the feeling of love I did not understand at all; he had become involved in some habit like this that about being separated from her I did not even think.

Whereas I was a disabled person; who would like me; do not know why she talked. Talking talking we reached till WhatsApp and on

TikTok also I was added with her. I had got very much habit of her; everywhere I used to see the same.

Attachment whispers, dependency echoes.

Don't bury your heart alive inside someone else's absence.

AT NIGHT I THOUGHT what is happening with me; can I do like this; who will like me; I like her, even then why will she like me. Just this I thought; at night sleep anyway did not come; after this then one or two hours I slept; that also flew away. I tried very much to endure that I stop, do not go ahead, but perhaps to me one side love had happened, which I never wanted to let go ahead, because I understand how in society people look at me; earlier only I asked someone for notes, then my insult had happened. This pain also was inside me. For this I knew that no one likes me; everyone makes fun; no one will like to talk also maybe; but do not know, she saw different from all; I only only talked with her; she never let me have this feeling that I am a disabled person. Maybe easily in my heart for her love had fallen; but love had fallen in my heart; what did she know; I just, when I looked at her, then I smiled; when she asked why do you smile, then I answered do not know.

Love doesn't ask for permission; it just moves in and rearranges the furniture.

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Maybe she also had some doubt on me, but she also would not have thought why I started to like her; why would she think like this. Because she was an open minded person; maybe she talked with everyone; but whenever I asked then she said I only talk with you; she sometimes gave reply late; then I asked her; then she said I do not talk with anyone and only talk with you; still you say you do not talk with me.

I thought a lot about this, that this is happening right with me or not, because every day I was going into more tension; I every time thought I am disabled, why will she like me; but do not know, in my heart for her there is much love; I respect her a lot, like a lot; but this was not happening right; I am a disabled person; she is good; to like me or to love, she would not even have thought. Whenever I prayed to Allah then to Allah I said, O Allah, you have put her love in my heart; you have made me; if for me this is not right then from my heart take her out; I have a lot of pain, O Allah; I cannot bear; or make me fine; for you there is no difficulty; you have made me, then you can also make right. Ameen.

But was all this right, was all this right for me? I did not even understand such feeling; what could I do; such a feeling inside me Allah put for someone, that without her I thought about nothing.

One-sided love is a silent fire; it burns without smoke.

If it costs your peace, it's too expensive

But all these things had no future; I knew that no one could like me; every person would be running away from me; I am very bad; do not know why her love arose in my heart.

I started thinking; every time I myself messaged her; she never did; if she messaged then also a late reply came; to me all the time it seemed that she talks with someone else, but she told me I only talk with you. I was fed up with these things; I wanted that every time she stay with me and I talk with her only, because I all the time thought only about her.

Sometimes the bravest thing you can say is: "Enough."

Heal privately; return publicly.

I FELT THAT WHY LOVE arose in my heart for her, because she talked with me, although the other had insulted me, and she never let me have this feeling that I am a disabled person. For this I like her, and I like her voice, because she understands me very well whenever I

am worried; so for this I started to love her like crazy. In all this I also forgot that I am a disabled person, and it will not be right for me; if she ever stops talking with me then what will happen to me. All these things were becoming a burden in my heart. But I thought this every time: does she like me, she talks with me, yes; although no one talks with me, only she, why does she; and I also only want to talk with her, why do I like her so much, whereas I am a disabled person, no one will like me.

I thought a lot, what future does my love have; to me no future was visible, because I was an unstable person and also disabled. So I thought that I forget her; this is better. I stopped messaging her; 3 or 4 hours had passed; I came to know that leaving her is impossible; at that time I realized what love is and how bad a thing someone's like this is; people used to say, if someone does not get the beloved, then he did suicide or he died, but I used to laugh at them. Till this time she also did not know that I like her so much, and I had got a lot of habit of her; yes yes maybe she had doubt; for this she was asking again and again; when I told her this that at night I do not get sleep, then she said, sleep does not come often because either you have love or someone has broken the heart. She thought that I like her, but till now I had not told her. I did not tell for this that if I told her then she would stop talking with me, and I had got a lot of habit of her; I absolutely could not live without her; I liked her very much.

Not every door your heart opens is a door you must walk through.

When Allah withholds, He is protecting; when He gives, He is trusting.

But in my life for all those things there is no place; I wanted to forget her without telling her; I wanted to become far from her, but that did not happen. I started to like her for this that she talked with me and understood my talk very well, understood me very well, and I liked her voice very much; for this I liked her very much. But I also wanted

that I become far from her; after all till when will I talk with her; and from this on my life and on my studies, which is my dream, for which by working so hard I have come till here, on that also a bad effect could fall, because I every time kept thinking only about her; that I wish if I were fine then I would tell her how much I like her; but if I tell her now then she will make fun of me and will not talk with me; for this I did not tell her.

But I just wanted to tell her, because we had no future; she could never love me; so I thought why not use the thing which is my weakness itself to tell her. Meaning I had not told her before that I like you, because if I told then she would not talk with me; so I thought that now I want that I forget her; therefore I will tell her and she will stop talking with me. One day in talks talks she again asked me, why do you smile seeing me; so I told her, "You look good"; but the reaction I was thinking did not come on this talk. I told her all things, that I have started to like you, you look very good; therefore I look at you; on this talk she laughed; she listened to all my talk; she understood the feeling. I also told her this that if you have any problem with me then I can leave this institute and do not talk with me if there is a problem, because I wanted that I forget her, she hurt my heart, and I have hatred with her. All these things I told her; she said no problem; if I had any problem then from the beginning I would not talk with you; I have no problem; I will talk with you. I failed in my plan; I, even not wanting, talked with her; now that I had told her also, for this the heart wanted to hear her voice and talk with her. But my being separate from her was necessary; I had to tell her; all this does not suit me. I also asked her this again and again, with whom do you talk besides me; but even if she did, she did not tell; she said only with you. I also asked for this that if I get to know that she talks with someone else, then my heart would feel bad; from this I become distant from her, and it becomes easy to tell her. But nothing like this was happening; every day our talk kept increasing; and in this there was one point: we never talked on video

call, nor in voice; voice also she did, I did not do, because I wanted to forget her as soon as possible, that's all.

I am not less; I am simply tested more.

Society measures worth in coins; Allah measures worth in hearts.

Protect your heart, but don't apologize for having one.

Hold your boundaries like prayer times — not to be missed.

If the love is right, it will not ask you to abandon yourself.

I because of her became addicted to Tahajjud; I at night got up and prayed. I did not ask her this thing also that does she also like me or just like this do time pass. I asked her then she gave a strange answer. She told that I did not come from home with such thinking. I told her that when did I ever come from home thinking. She gave explanation that it is not necessary that if I like her then right now she also will like me. It is also not that I will never like you; it can be also. This answer was strange; the answer that I wanted to hear from her was not that. I had thought that she will say this, look at yourself and I will never have love, and she will refuse, but this did not happen. I wanted that by her this answer my heart have pain and I in some way forget her. But she explained to me very nicely; by this in my heart for her more respect and honor happened. But I had caught one weakness of her; she used to tell me that I do not talk with anyone, but when I had heard that she talks with everyone, but I did not have belief on this talk. My heart every time defended her; whenever someone about her spoke bad, it did not feel good. She again and again said, to whom whom you have told this talk; first then I said to no one. And I was wanting to check that why every time he is saying this talk; if she is thinking that if this one told someone that I talk with her then he will about me think wrong that he talks with this; from this I would know that does she talk with someone or not, because if she does not talk then she should not fear anyone; secondly, either she considers me lower, for this is thinking like this; if she considers me lower and this talk to me is confirmed then

my heart will feel a little bad, because my heart every time thinks good of her; from this then love will keep increasing; and I never wanted that like this happen.

Sometimes love is not a destination; sometimes it's a lesson.

And sometimes, choosing your dream is the most faithful kind of love you can offer yourself.

Write the chapter you needed when you were hurting.

So for this I, for checking her that with her who who talks, I told this talk that I talk with those those on whom to me doubt was that they can talk with her. I did not tell her that I had told; whenever she asked then I would tell that I had told to no one. At last she started asking me more that to whom whom you have told. And she said that people will think wrong about us. This talk of her was also right; people always think negative. To me from her talks doubt happened that she also talks with someone else, otherwise how did she come to know. But she told that with her friend these talks happen; they told. Still I was in doubt because my heart, do not know, defends her. From this this not confirmed that she with who who talks.

And to confirm this more I told her this that I told my friend this talk that I like her. From this she became a little angry and started teasing that why did you tell, but she sometimes got angry then sometimes talked nicely. I was doing every that effort by which I become far from her and she not at all comes to know that I want to become far from her, because I had told her that I like you very much; I did not want that she says that everyone cannot love and calls me unfaithful; I was doing all this because by this I was being harmed; my study was not happening; I also was not getting sleep; the whole time table of mine was spoiled. For me telling her was better; she with me love anyway cannot do; or inside me there was one feeling; I wanted to hate her, but every time I failed; my heart every time accepts her right.

If loyalty needs a lie, the relationship has already failed the test.

What you must hide, you probably shouldn't be doing.

People will think wrong; protect your truth, not their rumors.

I also did not want that in her heart for me also love arises, and it also could not be; anyway only in my heart it was; just I also wanted that she also not talk with me and become far from me. Often we in poetry and poetry hear, if you give someone too much time and more than time love then they climb on head and play with the other person's feeling; I also wanted that she play with my feeling; I have hatred with her. For this I also used this same rule; I gave her more respect, more love, and by exaggerating my feeling I told, so that she ignores me.

Your feelings aren't a group project; share them with the person or with Allah—not with a crowd.

Testing love by spreading talk only proves your fear, not her truth.

I kept doing like this; I kept telling her every talk of my heart, because she plays with that and I get hurt by that. I started to message her more so that she ignores this; I kept sending message again and again so that she ignores my message, and she also feels that how much I love her, and she considers herself above me from me, ignores me. I exaggerated everything and presented it, but the truth was also this that I did like, but I wanted to tell her. I myself wanted that my insult happens; I come to know who I am, how I am. I did this wrong; I cannot love anyone.

Trying to drift away in secret only makes the tide stronger.

One-sided love is not a verdict; it's information.

Release what isn't yours with respect.

Be loyal to yourself; self-betrayal helps no one.

This talk is true: if you give someone importance more than his worth then his own worth speaks itself and he starts to play with others. My method started to work; she started to ignore me, but she did not accept that she is ignoring me. I wanted that she herself says to me I do not even want to talk with you; leave love, that is a far talk; I wanted that she breaks my heart.

"When you overvalue someone, they often undervalue you."

"Busy is an excuse; priorities are the truth."

But every time she did not accept that she is ignoring me; she said I am busy. But I did not believe that how can someone be so busy that there is not even time to give answer of a message. Just to me it seemed that often when the heart gets full then people do drama of being busy but are not. But this talk I only said by tongue; in the heart she was right; the heart said maybe she is busy; saying right. They say right, the heart is mad; it believes anything; for this we should not always listen to the heart.

"Don't always obey your heart; teach it to obey your values."

I wanted that she ignores me, but when she ignores then that pain—do you know how it is; leave it, how will you know; I tell you—it feels like someone has snatched peace; however much you try, no sleep, no peace; the heart is every time in one tension; in the heart there is a lot of pain, like someone has shot bullets with a pistol; like this it is burning.

"**One-sided love is a fire without smoke."**

"When peace leaves, even silence gets loud."

This happens because the heart thinks, as much as I like her, she also should like me the same, give time; but like this does not happen; to the other person what relation with your feeling; she needs money; the one who has money, if he keeps wrong thinking then to him that seems right; just for this the heart goes in pain.

Expectation is a tax the heart pays on imagination."

But I wanted this, that my heart have pain and I have hatred with her; this is not so easy that as I say forget then I will forget; this is very difficult. How would I know; with me it was happening the first time; so I was doing experiment on my life only, without thinking anything; I wanted to forcibly forget her; I wanted to give pain to my heart which already was in pain. But all this is not easy; when you like someone so much and she ignores you, this cannot be tolerated; all

this I wanted that like this happen, but pain does happen; even not wanting, sometimes a lot of sorrow happens.

Forcing forgetfulness only sharpens the memory."

"You can't hate what you secretly hope will return."

Why am I doing like this; is it because I am disabled; can a disabled person not love; all these talks I used to think; for this a lot of pain happened; and all these talks I also told her sometimes, that what kind of person are you, do you understand the heart's feeling or not. She understood, but she could not show; she used to think that should I do love with him; then what will people say. And I also did not want that she likes me; I also wanted that she quickly comes out of my heart and my heart have peace, but again and again it is saying this is not easy.

In the end I gave her so much love and started to do a lot of care, and I told her every feeling of mine, because I wanted that she insults me; she says this, do you have no self respect. Because my heart was thinking that maybe she also likes me, that is why she talks with me; this confusion had become big in my heart; every time the heart thought only about her; for this I wanted that all these feelings end from my heart.

Clarity hurts once; confusion hurts daily."

"Self-respect is love you owe yourself first."

In my heart true love had fallen; for this I at Tahajjud time got up and prayed; this was also a test for me, because by this I was having a lot of sorrow; sometimes I also used to think that I wish I were fine, then all this would not have happened.

Dua for clarity, sabr for timing, tawakkul for outcomes."

"Allah breaks the heart only to open it toward Him."

My heart every day was in a different pain; I wanted to get out from that pain. Days kept passing; she kept ignoring me. I kept asking her all the time, why do you ignore; she said I am busy. One day I annoyed her a lot, so she gave the true talk which I wanted to hear. She said that I ignore you so that in your heart my love ends. This just this

I wanted to hear. She told that by force no one can love someone. She was indirectly saying that I do not love you. From this answer it became confirmed to me that she does not love me.

"Truth is mercy, even when it breaks you."

But in my heart there was love for her, right. I used to talk with her and she used to reply. I wanted that she even not give answer to my message, that she completely ignores me and goes far from me. These talks by tongue only seem good, but the heart sometimes does not want like this; I, even not wanting, used to talk with her. But I wanted that she blocks me on everything.

"**The mouth says 'leave'; the heart whispers 'stay'."**

"Blocks are boundaries; healing is a choice

Slowly slowly our talks started to become less. That which I wanted, the same was happening, but my heart still every time thought only about her; obviously her love was in my heart.

She had blocked me many times on Snapchat but on WhatsApp never; on Snapchat also she later again added me; after all our talk had started from Snapchat; on that it was going to end.

Some stories end where they began."

"Habit looks like love when you're lonely

Holidays were; she went home. I sent her very many messages thinking that she blocks me or ignores, because whenever I remembered then I messaged her; when she used to ignore then along with the heart's pain it used to swell. I earlier also used to send her more messages, but that day when I messaged then she blocked me. That time what my condition was, that I cannot express, but I did want that she blocks me.

Be careful what you wish for; your heart will have to survive it.

"That time it happened like this that because she blocked me on Snapchat, then I on WhatsApp sent messages and very many sent; to me that time nothing was visible that I want that she blocks me; I had forgotten this talk; I was asking her that why blocked, because by block

I have a lot of pain. She saw my messages and gave answer, I did right, yes; and she also said that in future do not talk with me; by saying this she also blocked me on WhatsApp. These talks hit on my heart in such a way that for 2 days I was neither eating right nor sleeping, because to me it was seeming like at her home someone had done like this. I did very much pleading with her friend that make her talk, because because of me at her home no problem should happen; she said that her brother has seen her mobile; now do not message.

Silence after 'block' is louder than any argument."

"Don't trade your degree and health for unread messages."

Hearing this I was very unhappy, because because of me she also would have had to hear talks; she would have been hit. But I did want that not talk with her; like this only happened; but I never wanted that because of me she have any problem; for this I again and again asked that do you have any problem with me. But she said no, no problem. If she had not talked with me from the beginning then with her this all would not have happened; she had talked with me; she was good; for this I had liked her; she was different from all.

Good people are not obligations; they're lessons."

"Respect the person; release the pattern."

After 25 days when holidays ended then her friend made her talk; at that time also she was not angry with me; all this my brother did; linked my WhatsApp. I believed because this all was my plan; I only wanted all this to happen; just she should not know, not doubt. Like this only happened; she would not even have come to know; this all, making block, making ignore, I by my habits forced and made her do; she would be thinking that all this I m. did. But by her blocking I had so much pain that I deleted Snapchat, and that WhatsApp on which she had blocked, that only deleted, to save from pain.

Heal privately; uninstall what reopens the wound."

"Sometimes survival looks like deleting the doorway."

At last I made such a person who was open minded, his every account was public, I made him so private that she blocked me on TikTok also; and when I, to confirm this that she blocked me or her brother did, said to her that add me again on snap, then she on TikTok also blocked me; from this I also came to know why blocked me; after all she, being annoyed, herself did; her brother did not; and now she also does not want to talk with me.

Acceptance is the first medicine."

"When someone shows you they're done, believe them."

I did all this because in my life whatever pains I had borne, in her love I had forgotten who I am, how I am, who will like me; I did not want that from this on my study effect falls or she also because of me have any problem; for this I wanted quickly to become far from you; but there was love with her, maybe today also be, but it is not necessary when you do love then the other also loves you; the other looks at your physical health and your richness first of all; he does not know what feeling is inside you

Protect your future from the storms of the present."

"Har dil mehsos karta hai; har nazar nahi dekhti.".

Sorry "Aee" what can I do; in the heart a human himself cannot create feeling; this is one condition of the heart that in it there is love for someone; and in my heart there is love, but this love does not suit me, nor can you love me, because I am a disabled person; this is my truth; I had forgotten. sorry "Aee".

"**Feelings happen; choices define us."**

Message.

This is not your fault nor mine; this feeling is in every human; it does not fall for everyone; even if I want I cannot finish this; and you also did the same; if in your place someone else were then he also perhaps would do like this. But you are important for me because you used to understand my feeling; the rest all I wanted that like this happen; in this there is no fault of you. I kept saying big sorry because I do not want that because of me any problem happens to you; if from me something mistake has happened then forgive; this all is human nature that if someone has some defect then they do not accept them, make fun of their feeling; but feeling everyone has; heart everyone has; love everyone can do. sorry for that Aee.

No blame, only lessons."

"**May Allah replace what hurts with what heals.**"

MESSAGE FOR WORLD

"I am not writing this chapter just to narrate my pain, but to give a voice to all those who, like me, walk through the tests of life.

To Disabled Persons

My dear brothers and sisters who live with disability — the world may often look at you with pity, question your worth, or even doubt your emotions. But remember this: your heart is just as pure, your love is just as deep, and your dreams are just as precious as anyone else's. Never believe you are less. Your disability is not your weakness — it is a part of your unique identity.

To One-Sided Lovers

For those enduring the ache of one-sided love — I know this pain steals your sleep, your peace, and even your strength. But never forget: true love does not destroy, it uplifts. If your love has not reached its destination, don't lose hope — maybe Allah has written this love in

your life as a lesson, as a light, or as a test. One-sided love is not a weakness, it is proof of the sincerity of your heart.

To University Students

For all the students living away from home, facing loneliness, and discovering new emotions — understand that this is one of the hardest yet most important phases of your life. Loneliness may draw you toward emotional attachments, and that is natural. But never let your feelings become the enemy of your education and your future. Learn balance — carry love in your heart, but never abandon your dreams and goals.

To Parents

And finally, to the parents who raise children with disabilities — often you reduce their world to hospitals, medicines, and medical reports. But please understand, your children also have a heart, emotions, and dreams. Do not see them only as patients — see them as full human beings. Respect their feelings, listen to their voices, honor their dreams. Your love is their greatest strength.

Even as a disabled person, I declare with courage:

"My feelings are not less, my love is not small, and my heart is not weaker than anyone else's."

Love is the right of every human being. Not every love reaches its destination, but every love teaches something. And the greatest truth is this: even if love does not bring you closer to a person, it will always bring you closer to Allah.

So if you are disabled, or carrying the silent fire of one-sided love, or struggling with the loneliness of university life, or a parent learning to understand your child — remember this:

Pain will come, but pain shapes you into strength.

Love is not always about having someone, sometimes it is about learning and growing.

And above all, your worth is never defined by your physical ability, but by the depth of your heart.

I have surrendered my love as a prayer into Allah's hands. And today, I close this chapter with one message to all my readers:

Never be ashamed of your feelings. If there is love in your heart, it means you are alive. And as long as you are alive, every day carries a new hope."

28 LAST CHAPTER: A LETTER FROM MY HEART

"Fall seven times, stand up eight." — Japanese proverb

This is the last chapter of my book, and the first chapter of my new life. I am a disabled person, but I am not less. I have been laughed at, ignored, blocked, and misunderstood. I have also been seen, heard, helped, and loved in small ways. I have made mistakes. I have learned. I have prayed at Tahajjud for peace. I have found one clear truth: you cannot force love. You can only choose respect, set boundaries, and keep your heart clean.

MY EARLY DAYS: PRIMARY SCHOOL

Primary school was not simple. There were stairs but no ramps. Some children stared. Some teachers forgot to include me in games and group work. I wrote slowly and needed extra time, but I was shy to ask. I was often tired. I did not want pity. I wanted support.

What helped me came in small moments: one kind teacher who waited for my answer; a friend who walked slowly with me; a seat near the front; a rule against bullying that teachers actually used. Respect, not pity, changed my day. I did not need special treatment. I needed equal chances.

MY FSC AND COLLEGE DAYS

FSc brought new tests. I got my first phone. Social media was new to me. I did not know features, streaks, or rules. I asked a girl for notes. It went wrong. I felt insulted. In university I felt attraction for the first

time. I used to laugh at poetry; then I became a line of poetry myself. It was one-sided love. My sleep broke. My routine fell apart. I tried to protect myself in strange ways. I sent too many messages. I even tried to get blocked so I could force distance. I learned the hard way that boundaries are mercy. I learned that my studies and my dream must come first. I learned that self-respect is not pride. It is survival.

"What we think, we become" is a popular line, but here is what I became: I became someone who can feel deeply and still choose wisely. I still respect the person who once spoke to me with kindness. If you ever read these words, know that I wish you peace. You did not owe me love. I did not owe you pain. We both owed ourselves dignity.

WHAT LOVE TAUGHT ME

You cannot make anyone love you. You cannot beg for attention and keep your self-respect at the same time. You cannot carry a love that has no future and expect your studies to stay safe. I asked Allah for ease. I learned to step back. I learned that silence can protect the soul. I learned that my heart is whole, even if my body is different. I learned to choose my dream again.

"To the person I once wrote to at midnight: thank you for the lessons. If I crossed a line, forgive me. May you always be safe and respected."

A NOTE TO PARENTS

Believe in your child's ability. Set high but realistic goals. Ask, "How can I help?" Work with the school for ramps, extra time, and assistive tools. Teach your child about boundaries and online safety. Do not shame them for being different. Celebrate effort, not just results. Your calm becomes your child's calm. Your faith becomes your child's courage.

A NOTE TO PRIMARY SCHOOL STUDENTS WITH DISABILITIES

You are not slow. You are steady. Steady wins. Ask for help. Asking is strength. Tell a teacher if someone bullies you. You deserve safety.

Sit near the front if it helps you focus. Take small steps every day. Play, laugh, learn. Your heart is complete.

A NOTE TO STUDENTS WHO LOSE COURAGE

Do one small thing today. Another small thing tomorrow. Do not compare yourself to others. Comparison is the thief of joy. Talk to someone you trust. Pain becomes lighter when we share it. Make a tiny routine: sleep, water, prayer, study, a short walk. Failures are steps, not endings. Keep moving.

A NOTE TO FSC AND COLLEGE STUDENTS

Crushes happen. Keep your dignity. Keep your timetable. If it is one-sided, accept it with grace and refocus. Use your phone wisely: mute, block, and Do Not Disturb are tools, not rudeness. Notes matter more than notifications. Protect your dream. Choose friends who lift you. Leave places that drain you.

A NOTE TO SPECIAL EDUCATION TEACHERS

Expect a lot, and provide supports. Use simple language, visuals, and extra time. Include the student in every activity. Ask the student what they need: nothing about us without us. Teach self-advocacy and digital safety. Be kind, not soft. Dignity over pity, always.

WHAT I WANT SCHOOLS TO FIX

Build ramps and working lifts. Give extra time in tests when needed. Stop bullying with real action, not posters. Train teachers to use inclusive methods. Create buddy systems. Provide counseling that is private and safe. Give space for faith and mental health. A school is not only a building. It is a promise.

QUOTES I CARRY WITH ME

"Start where you are. Use what you have. Do what you can." — Arthur Ashe

"It always seems impossible until it's done." — Nelson Mandela

"No one can make you feel inferior without your consent." — Eleanor Roosevelt

"Comparison is the thief of joy." — Theodore Roosevelt

"The wound is the place where the Light enters you." — Rumi

"Boundaries are the distance at which I can love you and me simultaneously." — Prentis Hemphill

"He who has a why to live can bear almost any how." — Friedrich Nietzsche

"Nothing about us without us." — Disability rights movement

MY APPEAL

Read this book yourself. Then suggest it to a parent, a teacher, a special educator, and a student who is losing heart. Share it with someone who needs hope. Let these pages give you calm, courage, and clarity. If you saw yourself in my story, take a breath. Put your phone down. Pick up your pen. Pray your prayer. Do your work. One small step today. Another tomorrow. This is how dreams live.

I am not broken. I am growing. I am grateful.

"**Allah, give peace to every heart that is tired. Guide our steps. Make our love a light, not a weight. Ameen."**

This last chapter is both my confession and my promise. I have put into words all that I have endured. Now I move on—toward my dream, toward my effort, and toward my new life. And if my heart grows weak again, I will stand in Tahajjud once more, because peace, in the end, comes from that very door.ameen.

"Allah does not give you what you think is good for you, rather He gives what is truly good for you."

About the Author

Adil Khan, a student of Doctor of Physiotherapy from Gilgit, was born with a disability but never gave up on life. His story is about turning pain into strength and struggle into hope. Through Crippled Healer, he inspires others to believe that even broken paths can lead to healing.